

ford, Bloomfield	45
atch, Newport	45
ots, Newport	45
ley, Ottawa	45
ck, Montreal	45
er, Montreal	45
er, Millbrook	41
ro, Kemptville	41
ney, St. Johnsbury	49
re Wilkes, St. Johnsbury	49
elle, Montreal	49
her, Kingston	49
ne, Kingston	49
en, Coalcoke	49
er, Belleville	49
ee, Campbellford	48
le, Campbellford	48
erchant, St. Johnsbury	49
ell, Barr	49
ns, Barr	49
son, Montreal	45
nforth, Napane	42
g, Napane	42
Burlington	42
s, Quebec	42
nan, Quebec	42
ams, Montreal	1
wn, Montreal	1
le, Montreal	1
er, Burlington	1
ell, Platon	1
o, Kemptville	25
ete, Kemptville	25
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malige, Simsbury	22
Green, Perth	22
Russell, Millbrook	22
Crawford, Quebec	22
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ger, Trenton	20
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ur, Montreal	20
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AST vs. WEST.

II-WEST PROVINCE.

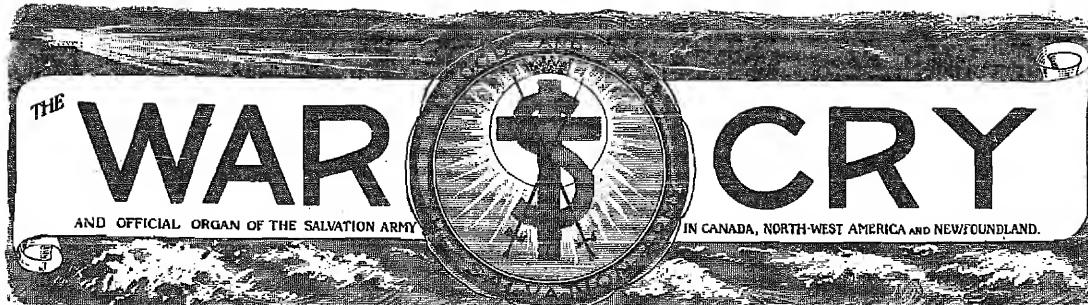
35 Hustlers.

s, Winnipeg	17
Education	16
r Culture, Rat Portage	85
den, Rat Portage	85
ler, Culver	45
an, Rat Portage	75
ble, Medicine Hat	63
McAmond, Winnipeg	51
oy, Portage la Prairie	50
ces, Moose Jaw	50
ger, Port William	47
stone, Prince Albert	45
le, Dauphin	45
arty, Saski	45
ne, Fort William	44
er, Regina	43
ton, Calgary	40
er, Lethbridge	40
ll, Lethbridge	40
a, Carman	39
Portage la Prairie	35
es, Port Arthur	33
Lisbon	31
on, Minot	31
Grafton	30
er, Minot	30
Winnipeg	28
Burrows, Morden	28
y, Port Arthur	25
eece, Neepawa	23
r, Moosejaw	23
er, Emerson	23
der, Rat Portage	20
Grafton	20
Hanagh	20

FIG PROVINCE.

30 Hustlers.

Hawkins, Great Falls	120
th, Butte	125
Butte	125
Vancouver	125
s, Rossland	125
Revelstoke	125
on, Spokane	125
gall, Helena	125
er, Kallaloo	125
Missoula	125
New Whitcom	125
Victoria	125
der, Rossland	125
Vancouver	125
Port Essington	125
sud, Kamloops	125
r, Spokane	125
evils, Victoria	125
er, Victoria	125
on, Helena	125
Missoula	125
Spokane	125
s, Spokane	125
Rossland	125
Kamloops	125
Victoria	125



16th Year, No. 48

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1900.

EVANGELIST BOOTH,
Commander.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE STORY OF AN INDIAN VENDETTA OF ALASKA.

[See article on p. 5.]

Jim Hanson.

Touring in Newfoundland
WITH
BRIGADIER AND MRS. SHARP.

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp and your humble servant made a visit to three corps in the Bonavista District. Chancerville was the first place. We arrived about 12 o'clock, midnight. Lieut. Ridout and Sgt.-Major Tilley, with a hastic courage and four untrained men, "inboreens," were there to greet us, and to take our luggage to the home of Sgt.-Major Adey.

About five years ago the Salvation Army was invited to come and open fire, by an old veteran, well-known as Uncle Joe, who is at present Treasurer of the corps. In response to the invitation, Brigadier Sharp sent Capt. Thompson, who made up his mind that he would soon have a building to hold meetings in. He found a number of willing hands, the frame of the barracks was soon put up, erected, and shingled in, and meetings were commenced, souls were saved and a number enrolled as soldiers. Since then the work has made great progress. The saved and missives have shown great interest with respect to the property, and whenever they have any time or money, they set to work to improve the same. At the present time it is in good condition, a band has been made in the graveyard, which is cleared out and nicely fenced in. Capt. Clark, the last officer, toiled hard with a number of the soldiers and adherents, to get this completed.

The barracks will hold about 150 people; it is quite neat and clean, and therefore, comfortable for the people; and the meetings being lively, it attracts to them. Two drums are now being purchased. Sgt.-Major Mrs. Adey has been collecting for the same. His sister is noted as a good collector; she not only has the money, but she also gets the money all right. A quarters has also been built and two rooms fitted up, and when the others are complete, it will be a splendid dwelling and compare with any on the island.

The meetings held there by the Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp proved a good success. The first meeting was full of life and red-hot testimonies. The address by the Brigadier was very zealous. Two songs were reproduced by the graphophone, to let the people know that the service of the next night would be no fake. The barracks was well packed for the graphophone service. The people came from a number of places round; some by boats, others had walked for miles. The songs and music went down wholesale, especially Colonel Lawley's song, "My sins rose as high as a mountain," and the General's fiery address to the soldiers of the Salvation Army. Some of the young boys thought it a strange thing, and wondered how we were able to pique a man and a brass band into such a small box.

The untrained men who met us at the station came to the quarters after the meeting to take our luggage to the boat, a distance of a mile and a half. The kindness of all will not be forgotten by us, and we are confident it will be remembered by Him Whom we serve. The friends pressed us hard to come again, which was promised. The prospects for the future are good, as the adherents are of the right stamp and character to make Blood-and-Fire smelters of.

Carboneau was the next place of call. We landed in time for meeting, and had a very good crowd. Capt. Malley and Lieut. Young are in charge. This is reckoned a hard corps, but with faith and hard work we believe a good work can be accomplished.

After meeting we drove over to Bonavista, the District Headquarters, for the week-end. Ensign Snow had the graphophone service announced for the Saturday night. A good crowd gathered and were delighted with it. Sunday meetings were well attended. In the afternoon and at night, a great crowd was forced to stand. Two songs came forward at night; everyone seemed to enjoy the meetings, and much enthusiasm was manifested, es-



Bible Readings from Jamaica.

VI.—CAPTAIN MICAIAH.

BY ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

PRAPS you've never heard about him, but in Chronicles you'll read, In the 18th of the second—of him and his noble deed:

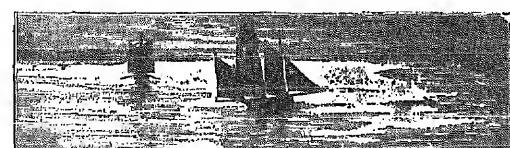
How he stood alone when tempted to throw in his lot with those Who would not rebuke rich sinners, for the sake of cash and clothes.

We are told he was a prophet, but he worked and walked alone; Other prophets had their churches; he'd a building of his own. They, it seems, were either state-paid, or were looked upon as such, But poor Captain Micaiah was not honored overmuch. Now, Jehoshephat had riches; so, we're told, had Ahab, too—(Kings of Israel and Judah) they made friends, as rich men do: And, as rich men, would be richer; powerful, would more powerful be— Said the one unto the other: "Let us go to war," said he. And the other was quite willing, so the two of them agreed, That to Syrian Ramoth-gilead they would march with martial speed. Then, like many modern Christians, after they'd made up their mind, They would ask the Lord's direction, lest they should leave Him behind. "Call the prophets! You, four hundred—tell us what the Lord will say: Shall we go to Ramoth-gilead? Would God have us go to-day?" "Yes, He would," they sweetly chanted, as they prophesied again; They were all agreed together, so the answer seemed quite plain. But the still small voice of conscience spoke aloud through Judah's king—"Is there not some other prophet you might find somewhere to bring?" "Yes," said Ahab, "but I hate him—he will prophesy no good,—" Though I'll send and get him for you, since you seem to think I should." So he sent for Micaiah, and the bearer bade him speak. Like the rest of God's anointed—loving, humble, smooth and meek. "What the Lord saith I will speak it," said the prophet brave and bold— For they could not buy his silence by their patronage or gold.

So they brought him, and he told them, what as vision he had seen: Israel scattered in the mountains—they knew well what he must mean. But they did not wish to hear it. Said the king, "Did I not tell He'd not speak a word of comfort, since he does not wish us well; And he speaks so disrespectful of those ministering to me— Let us go up notwithstanding—why should we discouraged be?" Then the prophets had their innings: Micaiah got it hot; P'raps they called him a fanatic, hypocrite, dissenting sot! Zedekiah smote him roughly on the cheek, and said, said he, "Which way went the 'lying spirit' out of me to speak through thee?" And the King of Israel sent him to the prison right away, To be fed by bread and water of affliction day by day.

Then they left for Ramoth-gilead, with the prophets in the rear; And King Ahab changed his clothing, doubtless to allay his fear, And the Bible story tells us that a certain Syrian drew, At a venture, bow and arrow, smiting Ahab's armor through, Wounding him, as 'twas predicted (though they said the prophet lied); In the last verse 'tis related, "as the sun went down he died."

Do you need an application, when you see on every hand
Worldliness mixed with religion, strutting proudly through the land?
When the incense burns in churches that have thrown off yoke of Rome,
And the gilded sins and pleasures charm the Christians from their home;
When the old-time shouting warriors are now told to "shut their noise,"
And the gospel is perverted by some smoking, giggling boys!
Oh, for more like Micaiah! oh, for those with back-bone strong,
Who will mount the gospel chariot, and will drive it through the throng!
Let us pray that God will send them—baptized in the old-time way—
Let us work out our salvation, while we watch, believe and pray!



pecially in the prayer meetings. The barracks looks much improved by the coat of paint, and the graveyard is a large one and well fenced.

We left on Monday by the S. S. Dundas for the Greenwood District. The Dundas is a splendid boat, having all the latest improvements; she is well adapted for the bay work and must be a boon to the people. We are sorry that so many were away from the corps which were visited, but we met with splendid crowds and good results, spiritually and financially.—Geo. Kenway.

Musings of Many Minds.

He lives most who gives most.

The man who has anything in him creates opportunity for himself.

Make it your study and care to do all the good you can in the world.

Greed gathers itself poor, and generosity gives itself rich.—Spurgeon.

Good management contributes more to our comfort than great possessions.

Proverbs are the wisdom of wise men, prepared in portable doses for the foolish.

God will make the fishes come into your net if you will get your eye upon Him, not upon the fishes.

We mortals see but in a glass; but when the mirror is darkened by the master-passion of hate, we see not at all.

When I dig a man out of trouble, the hole that he leaves behind him is the grave where I bury my own trouble.

The pain to one's own pride is pangs with chagrin. If it is heavy-laden, and not abroad them, it tends to the gate of God.

much of the trouble in this world is caused by the man with the beam in his eye trying to point out the mote in his brother's eye.

Believer, desire to find thy will in the Divine will alone. Be silent when He strikes, contented when He doth, thankful when He gives, and resigned when He takes away.

Our Lowly God is like a printer who sets the letters backwards; we see and feel well His setting, but we shall read the print vander in the life to come.—Martin Luther.

St. Paul says, "Every man shall rise to his own class." In the future, in the past, and the present, the law of association determines destiny. Each man goes to his own place.

The noblest tribute to the purity of Jesus Christ is the statement that, "being tempted, He suffered the agonies of death." He was so self-accusations of goodness that the insinuation of peculiarity tortured Him.

Courage, activity, and earnest perseverance are needed the secret of all success. No good endeavor strenuously persisted will fail; it must succeed at last. Powers of even the most mediocre kind, if energetically employed, will effect much.

Whatever nation Dives may have dug this side of the grave as to the value of foreign missions, he awake in eternity to plead that a missionary might be sent the long journey from heaven to earth, that his brethren might repent.—Woman's Work.

In a meeting in support of a movement in which Churchmen and Dissenters joined hands, a Nonconformist speaker thus expressed himself on the subject of the nation: "And what I say, gentlemen, is this: If a man's heart is in the right place, it don't matter at all what sex he belongs to!"

(To our frontispiece)

JIM HANSON.

HIS CONVERSION AND AWFUL CONFESION AT SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

By ADJT. MCGILL.

The Murder.

Yes, it was a dreadful murder. Let me briefly tell you the story. On the lonely shore of the Lynn Canal, on the west coast of Alaska, a young couple were married. They were enjoying, perhaps, the first pleasure-seeking since their marriage, which had taken place only a few months before. They strolled on the beach, fished, picked berries, and enjoyed the bright warm days and cool nights, never dreaming of danger, while the tide, like a great pendulum, as it ebbed and flowed, counted off the brief moments of their lives. No human voice except their own broke the stillness. The swish of the water in the waves broke upon the beach, the sighs of the wind among the trees that sheltered their little tent, were the only sounds heard. Ah! How rudely was that silence broken! One October day, as the young wife was preparing the frugal meal, the sharp report of a rifle caused her to rush to the door—perhaps wondering why her husband was shooting—when she sees—ah! perhaps she did not see, there was only a moment, a swift bullet winged its way to her, and she, too, fell. . . . They died together on that lonely shore.

The Reason.

Away up the Chilkat River, at the Indian village of Kluckwan, a great native feast was in progress. The essential—that which added so much to the enjoyment of the occasion, was first eaten away, and no signs of its total disappearance were at hand, an Indian, (one who, in reality, of all others, was giving the feast), with his wife and a relative's child, started out in true Alaskan fashion, in a canoe to replenish the larder. Not coming back at the accustomed time, the natives, particularly his relatives, became anxious, and as day after day passed by, until fourteen had run their course, a number of the nearest relatives organized a search party, and started down the river, taking all necessary supplies for camping, etc. They halted at David's Gagger, on the Lynn Canal, and here they found the first night passed unsuccessfully—no trace of their friends, no word of their having been seen, and the saddened party retired for the night, hoping the morrow's search would reveal something. After night's rest and breakfast, they started again, going in different directions. As the hours went by, one after the other returned sadly to the camp—no trace still—and silently they prepared their meager dinner, and waited for the coming of the last two of the party, hoping some intelligence of their missing ones would be forthcoming on their arrival. And so it proved. Excellently one of the two arrived—he had a clue. A white man and his wife had been seen and talked with, and they had some knowledge of the missing couple—had seen them pass by, had seen a new canoe with a black sail, carrying a man and a woman—which description agreed exactly with the canoe belonging to the lost brother.

Information, too, of a more startling character was communicated by the excited Indian to his brothers. Listening to the white man's manner, they conveyed the impression that he knew more than he told. At that instant a rifle shot startled the agitated group—the sound of a clue to the missing ones. In a few minutes the last of the party arrived, bringing with him part of a canoe found in front of the white man's tent, which was recognized as belonging to the missing man. Then all the hot blood of centuries surged in their veins, and the Indian one of the most resolute, taking an avenger of blood spurred them into action. Dinner was forgotten—everything was hurried into the canoe and they set sail for the white man's tent. That precursor of death, the war song, was chanted, as tents told how much they lamented their lost friend.

They soon landed, and eight of the party—four having rifles—went immediately in search of the white man.

He was soon seen a short distance from his tent, and one of the Indians, Jim Hanson, quickly raised his deadly weapon, taking sure aim. Poor Harton fell. Another Indian, Elteleton, immediately fired at Mrs. Harton, who then appeared at the tent door, wounding her fatally, and to make sure work, a third Indian, Jim Williams, with his knife completed the awful crime. The bodies were wrapped in blankets, and laid in a rude grave by the sea, covered with sea-weed and moss. All evidence of the terrible deed being destroyed, the Indians covered their victims and started for home with the terrible secret in their hearts, never to be revealed.

The Confession.

Early in November, '99, the natives became quite interested in our meetings, and the first one to come to the pentent form was Jim Hanson. He

was soon made, corroborative and confirmative evidence was soon gathered, and after three months' weary waiting the condemned fell into the hands brought before the court. The boy brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. The prosecution had him as a witness at the trial of the others. Every effort was made to break up his confession, but he always told the same story and stood the test of severe cross-examination as only a man telling the truth can do. When asked by a lawyer in the presence of a crowded court-room, "Do you understand that you are not the President of the United States?" "Yes, sir, do you now?" he answered, pointing upwards. "God will save my spirit." "Yes, I know, but what about your body?" said the lawyer, to which he replied, with arms extended, "I don't care what you do with my body, God will save my spirit." Every possible effort was made to put the entire guilt upon Jim Hanson, but without success. On the day of sentencing the prisoners, six others were sentenced to long terms, and Jim Hanson was sentenced to die.

When asked by the Judge if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he said, "God told me not to keep anything in silence. I gave all my sins up and told all. Now, brother, works as God directs you." Then the Judge said, "The court has great sympathy for you. It is through you that this crime has been exposed, and others brought to justice and punishment. You have been honest, you have admitted your own fault and wrong, you have tried to serve yourself for your wrong in the slightest degree. You condone in this behalf entitles you to the highest consideration. I trust that, while this court is compelled to pass upon you the sentence of death,

said, "May the God that you worship be with you in your hour of need and victory over your enemies. The court room will be as still as death as the Judge finished in a whisper and buried his face in his hands.

As the bullet led the condemned man back to prison, the Army badge on his coat seemed to say, "This man has many friends on earth and in heaven."

OUR HISTORY CLASS

II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GRACCHI.

When Gracchus, the humane conqueror of many Spanish cities, died, he left Cornelia, his wife, and three children, two boys, Tiberius and Gaius, and a daughter, Agrippa, and wore no jewels after her husband's death. When once asked, "Where are your jewels?" she replied, pointing to her three children. "These are my jewels."

The eldest boy, Tiberius, was sent in 137 B. C., to join the Roman army in Spain. Passing through Etruria he was painfully impressed with the desolation of this once so fertile and thickly populated country. Only flocks of sheep and goats were to be seen, where farms and vineyards used to exist. The Romans bought their corn from Sicily and Africa.

The poor Romans had no land to till and no trade to support themselves with, since the rich kept slaves to do all the required work in their houses. So the old law, which permitted a Roman to only divide a acre of land, had fallen into disuse, and out of four hundred thousand citizens, only two thousand possessed property.

While in Spain, Tiberius turned these things over in his mind. On his return he stood up for the ones of tribune, and was elected. He at once proposed to revive the Licinian laws, which allowed not more than five hundred acres to anybody. He proposed to redivide the land, and give the surplus to those who had none now.

His proposal, of course, caused "great uproar." The poor clamored for their rights, and the rich objected to the rights. They tried to bribe the other tribune, but in the ensuing fight Tiberius prevailed, and he, with his brother Gaius, and his father-in-law Appius Claudius, were appointed tribunes to carry out the law.

The rich men tried their old trick of spreading a report that Tiberius wanted to make himself king. A riot was started and Tiberius was killed in it.

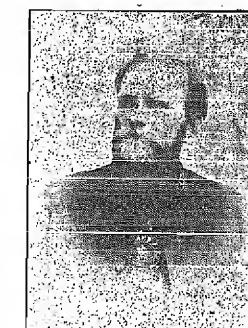
The law, however, was made, and the people insisted upon its enforcement. Against the chaos, Scipio Emiliani, who had married the sister of Tiberius, was recalled from Spain and chosen dictator to settle the whole dispute. He, apparently, was much opposed to the redivision of property, but was found dead in his chamber on the morning he was to make his first speech.

Caius, the brother of Tiberius, nine years the younger, was filled with still greater schemes than his brother. He had the law re-affirmed, but could not act on it. But he began a regular custom of having corn served out to the poor, and found work for them upon the roads and bridges. He made the State clothe the soldiers, and proposed to make the Indians upside down into citizens, with votes like the Romans. This latter measure was vigorously opposed by the Patricians. He founded a colony of Plebeians on the ruins of Carthage, and after his citizenship expired, he visited the colony.

On his return a scheme to kill him was perpetrated. Although the plot stood by Caius, yet the Patricians were the stronger, and Caius, at his death, was killed by his slave.

Cornelia, a broken-hearted mother, retired to a country home. The feeling afterwards turned, and statues to the memory of Caius, Tiberius, and Cornelia were erected.

At Rome, the state of things got worse, and the contrast between the rich and poor increased daily.



ADJT. MCGILL,
Who opened our work at Skagway, Alaska.

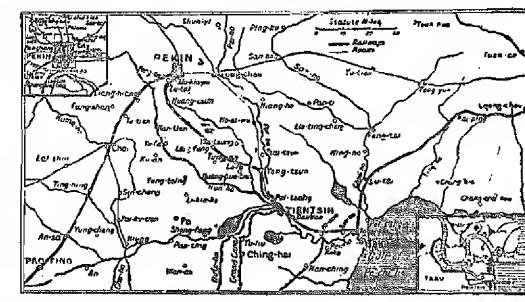


ADJT. JORDAN,
Vancouver Rescue House.

trembled with emotion, and tears fell from his eyes. "I could not understand his language, but God did, and forgave him. As he rose from his knees, his face looked inwardly peace. Slowly the light of God's truth broke over his soul. He saw what he must do, he thought of the consequences. For three months he carefully weighed the matter. At last, in spite of the warnings and entreaties of his friends, he decided to tell all and leave the consequences with God. Accordingly, he came to me and disclosed the dreadful secret, which had become a burden to his heart. He asked me what he should do. I explained that if he would continue in the favor of God he must give himself up to the authorities and confess all. He trembled. He understood, and like a hero he followed what he believed to be God's will.

The Trial

The arrest of the others implicated



MAP OF THE PRESENT CHINESE BATTLE-GROUND.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BARRACKS OPENED AT LETHBRIDGE.

Calvary Brass Band Came Over to Help—
Glorious Meetings People Helped Splendidly with Their Money—One of the
Masons who Worked on the
Building is the First Con-
vert—27 Souls for Sal-
vation and Holiness.

For the past few weeks bills announcing the above event brought large and influential crowds to the three days' special services, July 28th, 29th, and 30th, and never to the history of the Army was so much enthusiasm shown, or financial upsets so heartily needed to, as has been of late.

The three days were truly red-letter days. The commanding officer (Capt. Mitchell), assisted by her Lieutenant, has worked admirably for months past, and to-day a fine hall stands erected as a monument in honor and reward for the faithful services rendered for the Army.

From the first surplus of the Calgary brass band, on its arrival on Saturday, to the closing scenes of the special event in the small hours of Tuesday morning, the Army was alive to everybody and everything. The marches and open-air were of special attraction, the appeals readily responded to, and the meetingsinsured a real blessing to many.

Monday, 5 p.m., was set apart for the hoisting of the colors, and the opening ceremony, and as the march was proceeding down the street, in front of the hall was to be seen our old and much-loved friend, Rev. Mr. McKitto, whose privilege it was to perform the ceremony.

Rev. McKitto,
Presbyterian Min-
ister, Lethbridge,
who was present at
the opening of our
new barracks.



The Rev. gentleman spoke at some length on the Army's teachings, upholding them in every respect, also of the grand hall he was here, in the name of the Saviour, to declare open to His service. After a few words from the visiting officers, and suitable selections from the band, he at once opened the door, and

An Immense Volley Went Up

as a signal of another stronghold erected in the warfare which we are engaged in.

An adjournment was then made to the old hall, when upwards of 275 persons partook of the earthly unctions of God to satisfy the inner man.

A grand march, headed by the band, Adj'ts. Cass and McRae, Capt's. Wick, Rynders, Charlton, Field and Local Officers and soldiers, and visiting soldiers from the Calgary corps, completed the grandest demonstration of what the Lord has done for Lethbridge, Calgary, and Medicine Hat. God bless the band, and the visiting officers and soldiers from Edmonton, Calgary, and Medicine Hat.

At 8:35 a.m., sharp, the meeting opened with a "Hallelujah." "With might we'll fight," also with the other opening features of the meeting. The Adj'tant proceeded to strike the iron with it upon bat, in making for a collection. To a question to the Captain how much she would require, she did not respond, having appealed so much on behalf of the Building Fund; however, \$50 was the amount asked for, and in quiet response a check for \$25 was passed over to the Adj'tant from Mr. Harry Mullins, of Mullins & Wilson, Toronto, who has been a true friend to the Army, and always looks upon it as a pleasure to denote to this way. A couple of fives passed up, and then the one's came up thick and fast, and at the close of a general round-up of the fragments, \$63.80 was the amount raised, being \$12.89 over and above the amount asked for.



Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge, N.W.T.

A rousing volley was fired from the platform and audience, whereupon the Rev. Mr. Chegwin spoke for a short time, of the pleasure it gave him to be honored so much as to occupy an Army platform. "You know," said the Rev. gentleman,

"I Was Almost a Salvationist, but although not one, I bless and praise God, I am a Christian, a lover of the Lord, and glad to see how much good has been done for us in this town through the instrumentality of the Army."

His remarks brought forth loud cheers at times on points touching the Army's work here.

He was followed by Rev. Mr. McKillop (the father of them all), as he was introduced. On rising, everybody gave him a cordial welcome, and he based his remarks on the Army's work in Lethbridge, and he hoped the day would not be far distant when he would see an Army barracks to each hotel in his town. (Cheers.) "Before proceeding any further, I must say how much you people should be thankful for the way in which Capt. Mitchell has worked, assisted by her Lieutenant."

Capt. Mitchell, on rising to say a few words, with heart full of joy and a deep love for all who so nobly assisted her in this great undertaking, said to all thanked the citizens in a few words for the exceedingly kind way they responded to her numerous calls, and but only hoped that the hall would be large enough to accommodate souls, for, after all, it would be useless to erect such a building if no real progress were made. She also thanked personally the Secretary, Treasurer, Sergeant-Major, and the rest of the comrades for the work done on the building at nights. In this direction much work was accomplished, hence the opening dates were far carried out, although the finishing touches will occupy about another three weeks.

Other locals testified, including the Secretary, who deserves special mention in superintending the construction, and the giving of his time for two months free, for the Kingdom of God, in return for what the Lord has done for him. God bless the Secretary!

Secretary Holmes

Lethbridge Corps. This corps has given cheerfully 2 months of steady work in the erection of the new barracks, often working till midnight.

Secretary Holmes

The Lieutenant, who has stood side by side with the Captain, also has won a name for herself.

Adj'tant Cass, in a few remarks, prior to closing the first part of the meeting for a half-night of prayer, called for those who asked the prayers of the comrades, whereupon several held up their hands. Of these seven, one, a brother, came out to have the past forgiven, and he was no other than

One of the Masons who had Worked on the Building

From the commencement. What a glorious thought! Building a heaven on earth, and when death comes he may rejoice with the angels in being the first convert in the new Army Hall, in a little corner of God's vine-

yard in Lethbridge. Praise God! Now, readers, say with me, Hallelujah!

Never was the Spirit of God so much felt since the first visiting officer arrived here till the one large hall of God's love was made by the comrades, officers, and friends who remained behind, when the chorus, "Take my poor heart," echoed forth in joyous sounds, to the very gate of heaven.

During the three days' campaign two came out for salvation and three backsliders returned to the fold. Four precious comrades came forward for holiness on Sunday morning, and eighteen at the half-night of prayer, for a complete re-consecration and for a deeper love for souls.

May God bless all who came from near and far to the opening ceremonies at the Lethbridge barracks.—Wm. Farnow, R. C.

HALLELUJAH WEDDING AT OWEN SOUND.

Captain Annie Barker to Secretary Traviss.

All eyes were directed to the large bill-board Capt. Clint had erected on one of the prominent street corners of Owen Sound, announcing a great Hallelujah Wedding.

"Who is it going to be?" says one colored George. "Let us go and see."

A great deal of interest is manifested on the part of the people as to who the contracting parties will be. Major Turner, however, will soon give to us the secret and the meaning of it.

Capt. Poole sings a solo.

"You will have to overlook this young man's bashfulness," states the Major.

A whisky goes round the ring. "That is the party," and at once all eyes were centred on Capt. Poole, thinking the right man had been discovered.

We return to the hall, where a large number is waiting. Capt. Poole gives out the opening song, and while the congregation heartily sing, "Have your hands joined and burning ready for the midnight 'oy," the bridal party led by Major Turner, enter the hall.

Prayers are now offered, that God might make this coming wedding of much blessing.

After a solo by Capt. Poole, and the dedication of Sergt.-Major McMillan and Bro. Brown's two little children unto the Lord! Uncle Bond is called upon to make the announcements.

Before stepping off the platform she is informed by the Major that the Commissioner is promoting her to the rank of Captain. This news was received with delight by the crowd present, judging by the hearty response and clapping of hands.

Before proceeding with the marriage ceremony, Capt. Poole sang another song which he had composed for the occasion, linking for the topic, the 24th of Genesis. The song was a distinct hit, and caught on to the tune of "Ring those wedding bells."

The marriage service is read and the contracting parties stand forward, and now is the time "for better or for worse."

The groom is assisted by his brother, and the bride by Capt. Durrach.

The first word is spoken and the Major "Now tell us," said the Major, "how you enjoy married life." The groom conversed in his thoughts, but the bride responds by saying, "Married life is all right."

Capt. Durrach speaks with no uncertain sound of Capt. Barker's devotion to the cross in the past, and believes for the future that she will continue faithful to God.

A few words of good advice are given by the Major bearing on a God-made match.

The meeting concludes by song and prayer, after which many good wishes are bestowed upon Bro. and Sister Traviss.

The friends and soldiers were then invited to partake of the good things provided in the shape of a wedding tea, after which we returned to our homes, feeling that God's blessing had been upon the proceedings of the evening. Capt. Poole.

He who loves fully may well listen to flattery.

Rev. Chogwin,

Methodist Minister, Lethbridge, a warm friend of the Army.



TO CHEER THE PRISONERS.

Special Service at the Central Prison.

Staff-Capt. Archibald conducted a special meeting at the Central Prison, Toronto, on the morning of Toronto's Civic Holiday. The service commenced at 9:30. When the time arrived we went into the large and spacious chapel, to find between three and four hundred men, adherents of all denominations, seated there.

The meeting was opened with that old and well-known hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the "boys" joining in and singing very heartily. After prayer by Adj't. McElligott, we were favored with selections from the United Bands, formed of bandsmen from the Temple, Lippincott, and Lupton Streets, by solo, duets, testimonies, and a recitation from one of the prisoners. The recitation was evidently enjoyed, because the boys clapped for more.

Bro. Hart, from Lisgar St., favored us with a solo with guitar accompaniment. Mam Bigwood and Bro. Patterson, from Lippincott, and Bro. Daniels' little girl also sang solos, and Capt. Kivell, of Lippincott, and Sister Goffin, of the Temple, sang a duet. Bro. Daniels also spoke to the boys.

Staff-Capt. Archibald then talked for a few minutes, and, in closing, asked those who wished to be prayed for to hold up their hands; a large number did so.

We all came away feeling that it had been good for us to be there.

Before we left the chapel one of the prisoners rose and proposed a vote of thanks "for our kindness in coming to see them," and another young man got up and seconded it.

The Staff-Captain, we believe, is doing a great amount of good at the Central Prison.—W. Peacock.

Prayer meeting plenty needs officer practice.

The futilities of fashion are the fool's opinions.

T. F. S. Appointments.

ENSIGN STAIGER.

Great Falls, Wed., Thurs., and Fri., Aug. 29, 30, 31. Kaliavill, Sun., Mon., Tues., Sept. 2, 3, 4.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.

Berlin, Thursday, Aug. 30. Galt, Fri. Sat., and Sun., Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2, 3. Hespeler, Mon. and Tues., Sept. 3, 4. Ayr, Wednesday, Sept. 5.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Toronto, from Aug. 31, to Sept. 7.

ENSIGN PARKER.

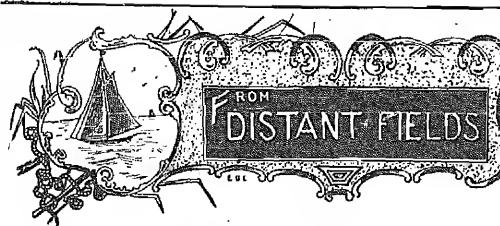
Newport, Thurs., and Fri., Aug. 30, 31. St. Johnsbury, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 1, 2, 3. Barre, Tues., Wed., and Thurs., Sept. 4, 5, 6.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Annapolis, Thursday, Aug. 30. Midleton, Friday, Aug. 31. Bridgetown, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 1, 2. Limerick, Monday, Sept. 3. Shelburne, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 4, 5. Fort Arthur, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2. Fort William, Monday, Sept. 3. Fort Portage, Wed., and Thurs., Sept. 5, 6.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Port Arthur, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2. Fort William, Monday, Sept. 3. Fort Portage, Wed., and Thurs., Sept. 5, 6.



GREAT BRITAIN

The Memorial Sunday of Commissioner Dowdall, conducted by the General, at Clapton, was remarkable in power and result. 307 men and women sought pardon and cleansing.

The dates of the Harvest Festival throughout Great Britain are from September 15th to October 1st, inclusive.

The Chief of Staff proposes to hold a Local Officers' camp at Hindlegh, to meet on Saturday evening and continue over Sunday, 26th August.

Commissioner Howard conducted the Memorial Service of Commissioner Dowdall in the Plymouth Congress Hall on a recent Sunday.

Brigadier Ittoe, late commander of the Army's operations in the West Indies, has arrived in London. We regret to learn that Mrs. Rolfe is in a very delicate state of health.

SOUTH AFRICA

A most interesting review of the Salvation Army Social operations in

will arrive in Australia, and the Com- mandant is arranging for them to tour through Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland, in the interests of the Indian Famine Fund. They will be in charge of Adjt. Daya Kuthia.

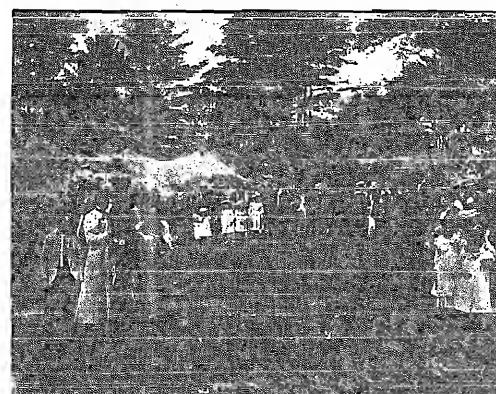
The organization of a company of officers and Cadets, to be known as "The Federal Choristers," has just taken place. They will tour through the various colonies in the interests of the new Australasian Training Homes.

The Commandant has decided to at once form a novel and entrancing musical combination, suitable for indoor services, in the shape of a Seraphim (concerting) Band.

Suitable premises have been leased in Bendigo for a Maternity Home which will shortly be opened. Under the able direction of Mrs. Commandant Booth, the Women's Social Work of Australia has made some remarkable advances.

A new Home for ex-Prisoners is in course of construction at Albotstord (Vic.). The building will accommodate fifty men, besides the officers.

According to the latest War Cry, the Commandant has had an interview with Sir William Lyne, the Premier of New South Wales, on two very impertinent questions.



South Africa has just been published by Commissioner Kilbey.

Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey have lately visited Kimberley and Mafekeng for the purpose of conducting special meetings.

A new Song Book is shortly to be published for the South African Territory.

The marriage of Major Vlue and Staff-Capt. Goodall has recently taken place at Brisbane (Qld.). The Centaur Hall, in which the ceremony took place, was the scene of a great demonstration.

In a few weeks eight or ten children, representing tens of thousands of starving and dying children of India,

There is a great need for Dutch-speaking officers in Java. The Com- mandant has issued a special appeal to them. There is a tremendous field of labor amongst the twenty-eight millions of people in Java.

The Annual Socini gatherings have been attended with great success, and have been occasions for expressions of warm sympathy from the leading men of the colony.

Colonel and Mrs. Estill recently conducted a few days' siege in the city of Wellington N. Z., attended with splendid results.

INDIA

A Missionary writes: "Cholera all about us, in every village, is doing its deadly work. In the city of Jeypore 300 died daily, for several days in succession. Thousands of the poor, weak, famine-stricken ones have been carried off in this way. A friend of ours was superintendent of a famine-relief camp, where 1,000 died. He was in the saddle from 5 a.m. till 2 o'clock the next morning, distributing medicine. Not enough were strong and well enough to bury the dead, and he would have to go and drive the crows and vultures off bodies at his tent-door. When he went in to lie down for rest, the awful sights had so worked upon him that he would fling his bow wet from having wept in his sleep, and the servants would wonder what made the pillow so wet. This is not a rare instance of cholera suffering, but one out of dozens through the famine area. This gentleman was not a abolitionist, but a Government servant. Strong men on the works would be taken with an awful and sudden pain, drop their shovels and fall dead. Cholera is still in Ajmere. We praise God that we have not had another visitation from this awful pestilence. Our hands and hearts are full. Oh, for more labourers!"

Heaven is not in streets of gold, but in hearts of peace and love.

The world always looks upside down to the man who is upside down himself.

MAJOR and MRS. HARGRAVE

will visit

Battle, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Aug. 25, 26, 27.

Telegra, Tues. and Wed., Aug. 28, 29.

Great Falls, Thursday, Aug. 30.

Kalispell, Saturday, Sept. 1.

Rosslane, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 8, 9.

Revelstoke, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 11, 12.

Kamloops, Thursday, Sept. 13.

Vancouver, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 15, 16, 17.

Victoria, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 18, 19.

Nanaimo, Thurs., and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.

New Westminster, Sat., Sun., and

Mon., Sept. 22, 23, 24.

New Westminister, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

Mount Vernon, Wednesday, Sept. 26.

Spokane, Sunday Sept. 30.



VIEWS OF DUFFERIN GROVE CAMP MEETINGS, RECENTLY CONDUCTED BY COL. JACOBS.

Editorial Notes.

For some time we have had the greatest difficulty in securing a sufficient supply of printing paper on account of several paper mills having been destroyed by fire, and the war causing a greater demand for newspapers. The price of paper has been greatly increased, while we have been unable to obtain a quality which would show our illustrations to proper advantage. We regret that many excellent pictures have been entirely spoilt through the poor quality of the paper. However, circumstances made it impossible to avoid it. Major Horn has now placed an order, for delivery at some future date, with a firm which we believe will furnish us a satisfactory quality.

Colonel Jacobs, Lieut.-Colonel Marg-
gets, and Brigadier Gaskin are en-
joying a few days' rest.

Mrs. Major Hora, we are pleased to report, is doing exceptionally well, and the doctor considers her progress very satisfactory.

Adjt. Frank Morris has been ap-
pointed to the T. H. Q. Staff
Cassier, and has taken his seat at
the receipt of customs. We are glad
to welcome him back to T. H. Q.

Adjt. Turpin, who for three years
held the office of Cashier, and dis-
charged it with precision and faith-
fulness, is going to Newfoundland to
assist Brigadier Sharp at the Provin-
cial Office. We feel assured that he
will prove a valuable help to the Brig-
adier.

While A. L. P. finds it incompatible
with her present appointment to con-
tinue the editing of the Soldiers'
Bureau, we are pleased to have a
promise of a frequent column "From
the Commissioner's Desk," which we
have no doubt will prove of special
interest to many of our readers.

SWEEPINGS FROM THE EDITORS' DESK

The Challenge of Adjt. Frazer.

Adjt. Frazer challenges any officer
in his province to collect more money
in the G. B. & P. Box or the officers'
quarters than he himself will collect
in his box during the next quarter.
Now, who will take up the gauntlet?

How to Keep Cool.

During the recent hot spell many
asked: "How can I keep cool?"
(1) Don't get excited, but work steady
at what you have to do. (2) Don't
drink too much during the day. (3)
Eat no meat, especially fat meat. (4)
Eat as light a meal as possible in the
middle of the day. (5) Drink no hot
tea or coffee, but pure, cold water or
lemonade. (6) Keep on the shady side
of the street.

Wanted—More Contributors.

We are asking every friend, convert,
soldier, and officer to take an active
part in the War Cry, by some kind
of literary contribution once in a
while. The corps reports are coming
in nicely, but we want also stories
and storyettes, life sketches, photos,
and views, corps histories, descriptions
of towns where we operate, incidents,
anecdotes, happenings, testimonies—in
short, anything that can be of interest
to our readers, long or short. There
is nothing so short that we cannot use,
if only written with some care. Now,
YOU try, will you?

Officers and Soldiers, Note!

Wanted—Photos of soldiers who
collected successfully during last Har-
vest Festival. Send the photo quickly,
and state on back full name, address,
and amount collected.



OUR SOLDIERS' PAGE.

Verse Topics.

PATIENCE.

We often hear the adage, "Patience is a virtue," etc., but we seldom stop to examine our stock of patience, much less take the trouble to exercise it. And yet, patience is strength. Patience gains more than hurry and flurry. Patience is absolutely necessary to accomplish something really great and noble. Patience teaches the soul that after all its work and worry nothing can be a final success without waiting for the blessing of God upon it. Paul plans, Apollos waters, but God only can give the harvest. God reaps the harvest at His time, and having performed our work He demands but patience to see His glory unfolding itself. Let us be patient in our toil, patient in our faith, patient in our detentions, in dinners and back-splinters, in patient with God. The patient soul is like the still water which clearly reflects the sky and the foliage on its banks, while the impatient spirit is like a troubled lake, distorting every reflection and stirring up mud and sand.

The Week's Ammunition.

The daily readings should be read early in the morning, slowly and repeatedly. The text will fasten itself in the memory and furnish an excellent source for meditation when the mind is not occupied, which otherwise would wander aimlessly, or drift into unprofitable thoughts.

MONDAY.—GOD, THE UNCHANGEABLE.

I am the Lord, I change not; therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.—Mal. III. 6.

etc., let me then at length be taught, What I am still so slow to learn, That God is love, and changes not, Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.—JAMES I. 17.

TUESDAY.—GOD, THE MERCIFUL.

He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy.—Mic. viii. 18.

Blest is the man to whom the Lord imputes not his iniquities; He pleads no merit of reward, And not on works but grace relies.

For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.—II. Cor. v. 21.

WEDNESDAY.—GOD, THE SAVIOR.

He will subdue our iniquities; and Thou shalt cast all their sins into the depth of the sea.—Mic. viii. 19.

Our very frame is mixed with sin, His Spirit makes our nature clean, Such virtues from His sufferings flow, At once to cleanse and pardon too.

Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins.—Matt. i. 21.

THURSDAY.—GOD, THE JUST.

The Lord is slow to anger, and great in power, and will not at all acquit the wicked; the Lord hath

His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet.—Nah. i. 3.

It is the Lord I shall I rest, Or contradict His will Who cannot do but what is just And must be righteous still?

Be ye reconciled to God.—II. Cor. v. 20.

FRIDAY.—GOD, THE SUPPORTER.

The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him.—Nah. i. 7.

My Shepherd will supply my need, Jehovah is His name; In pastures fresh He makes me feed, Beside the living stream.

I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep.—John x. 14.

SATURDAY.—GOD, THE RULER.

The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.—Iliab. II. 14.

Jesus shall reign wherever the sun does his successive journeys run, His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years.—Iliab. iii. 2.

SUNDAY.—GOD, THE PRESERVER.

The Lord thy God in the midst of these is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over them with joy; He will rest in His love, He will lay over them with singing.—Zeph. iii. 17.

How can I sink with such a prop As my eternal God,

Who bears the earth's huge pillars up, And spreads the heavens above?

In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not; and to Zion, Let not thine hands be slack.—Zeph. vi. 18.

LIFE SKETCH OF

Brother Elias Palmer, of Edmonton Corps.

Some may think that the Army is made up of heedless youths, yet we have in our ranks some dear old warriors, who have stood the strain of the battle for many years. One such is Father Elias Palmer, of Edmonton corps. He was born in Bradworthy, Devonshire, England, in 1811, and soon will be 90 years of age. Notwithstanding this, he walks many miles to meeting, and is delighted to give his testimony, and joins in the worship of God, always going on the march and helping in the open-air. Perhaps a few things about his life may be of interest to my readers. He only attended school about four months throughout his whole life. When the school-mistress would go to sleep at the head of the table, about, as he says, "three parts of the time, the whole school would sometimes run off while she was sleeping, and then come back again."

It used not to be wondered at that he did not learn much. He was a little over eleven when he was apprenticed to a farmer, working for his board and clothes only until he was twenty-one. His master was contented about the most charitable person in the place, and about as good a Church of England member in the church. He set young Elias a good example. Every Sunday night he would read the Bible to his employees, and ask them to say their evening prayers, which

they all did, some saying also the Apostles' Creed. Evening prayer ran like this:

"Four corners to my bed, Four angels there are spread, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Bless the bed that I lie on."

Father got drunk for the first time at 14 years of age. It was in the harvest time. His master had sent him away to do some work, and as it was hard he ordered his daughter to put up a keg of beer. Some was drunk during the day, and the rest left for the homeward journey. When he finished it was very arid and aridous the household by his master. Liquor never, in fact, made him dull, but rather the opposite.

Nearly Lost His Life.

After he left that place he lived with a farmer by the year. It was here that he nearly lost his life. He had gone for a load of sand, and being drunk, while attempting to jump off the load, he fell, and the whole thing passed over his arm and skinned his face also. The cart was a two-wheeled one, containing about a ton of sand. On another occasion while on the sea shore with his team, he left them on the sand to hunt some bars of copper and iron on the beach, and hunted around awhile, when, this looking up, he saw the tide come in and cut off his escape. His only hope was to climb the cliff almost perpendicular. He got about half way up when his strength failed. Then he tried to go down, but he couldn't. He had to try and get up, while he did with great desperation. When he got within fourteen feet of the top he found that the cliff protruded and he could not master the situation. After resting a bit he turned to the right to try and find an open place to get up. He came in this direction to a barrier he could not get over. As he turned back his feet slipped, and as he himself puts it, "an unseen power took hold of him and shoved him into just the place he wanted to go." He was then able to climb the rest of the cliff in safety. This was indeed a marvelous escape, and when he reached the top he promised God he would be a Christian, but soon forgot it. On one occasion he was so drunk that he apparently died and had no sound friends roused him so briskly in getting him to bed, he fears he would never have known the realities of life again. In fact, he was totally blind for about half an-hour.

Seven Years a Blacksmith.

After a lot of roaming in the old land, he came to Canada about '40 or '41, and went on a farm with an uncle. Then followed seven years of blacksmithing with a man by the name of William Parsons, at Port Hope. He was a good man and set Elias a grand example. Then eight years were spent working for himself at Elizabethtown, followed by thirteen years with Smith & Co., at Fenelon Falls, where he earned in those thirteen years an average of three dollars per day, spending about all in drink and sins. For when he left he had not a dollar to call his own.

Now he went to Kinnaird and took up a Government claim. In this place, in the old Orange Hall, he knelt at Jesus' feet and got saved in an Army meeting. Slugs of veins were all blotted out, and he started a new leaf in life's book. Drink had been given up before he got saved for the simple reason that he could not get the money to buy drink, and people would not trust him. When he got converted the desire for drink was for ever taken from him, which desire had had possession of his heart for years.

One bright spot in his Salvation Army career was a year spent in Lindsay, where he went to meeting nearly every night. Well does he remember dear old Father Goodenough, who lately passed to his reward. Three years ago he came out West with his son, settling in Fort Macleod, Alberta, and from thence he comes to meeting when he is at Edmonton. Yes, the writer has been pleased to see him and hear his testimonies in a number of his meetings, and his words always are weighty and a blessing.

In early life he had been saved about one year, but had backslidden. However, since he accepted the Lord at the Army penitent form, he has never known anything but a Saviour's pardoning love. His pilgrimage cannot be much longer, and fervently

prays the writer that his death will be a glorious triumph in Jesus. He desires that this little sketch of his life may be a warning to the young to flee from sin, and not have to endure its thralldom as long as he did before repenting. Sinner, accept Christ before the evil days come, when you shall say, "I have no pleasure in them." Take warning from Father Palmer's life—one so near the river and shun all appearance of evil.

What a Soldier Should Know.

What is a Corps?

A corps consists of the soldiers who have signed Articles of War, and whose names are on the Soldiers' Roll, and who meet together in one part in building.

Each corps is under the command of a Captain, who has generally one Lieutenant, sometimes more.

Each corps has also, when fully constituted, the following Local Officers: Treasurer, Secretary, Sergeant Major of the Corps, Concert Sergeant-Major, Bandmaster, Band Sergeant, Sergeants of Wards or Brigades, Corporals, Color-Sergeant, Bandmaster, together with Junior Soldiers, Sergeant-Major, Corporals, and other similar officers.

The Duties of a Local Officer.

The duties of each Local Officer are explained in the order-books specially prepared for them, and each one, before appointment, signs a bond in which he engages to be a model of good conduct, uniform wearing, and devotion to the war. None of these are at liberty to use tobacco, or to intend services not connected with their own corps without the permission of their Captain. They are appointed for twelve months.

Local Officers are to carry out the duties of their position according to the directions of the commanding officers, who have no power to remove them from office, and against whose management they can appeal, if they think proper, to the District or Provincial Officer.

Who Keeps the Books?

The account books of the corps are kept by the Treasurer and Secretary. The Roll-Book, in which the names of soldiers are entered, and the Cartridge-Book, in which the names of soldiers and recruits are entered, are kept by the Secretary.

Weekly returns stating all purchases as to the work done, the convalescents gathered, and the money received and spent by each corps, are made by the Captain and countersigned by the Treasurer and Secretary. A weekly return has also to be made by the Treasurer and Sergeant-Major, and a monthly return by the Secretary.

Duties Regarding Penitents.

When a penitent professes to have found peace, it is the duty of those who are speaking to him to ask whether he intends to be a soldier; in any case his name and address are to be given to the Sergeant within whose ward he lives, who should visit him and report within a week whether he means to be a soldier.

If he says this is his intention, his name is immediately to be entered on the Cartridge-Book. If, after being on that book for a month, he has signed Articles and shown himself likely to walk worthy of them, he is also entered in the Soldiers' Roll, being at the same time publicly sworn in as a soldier of the corps.

The Soldiers' Roll.

No name, once entered on the Roll, either of recruits or soldiers, can be taken off without the consent of the District or Provincial Officer, whose consent is to be obtained on a form signed by the Captain and Local Officers mentioned above.

Nevertheless, in case of gross misconduct, where even a day's delay might do harm, the Captain has power to suspend a soldier, but such action must be at once reported to the D. O.

No one whose name has been crossed off the roll can be put on again without the consent of the Captain and Local Officers previously mentioned, and if the person has been blacked by the Provincial Officer, his consent must also be obtained.

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a Soldier Should Know.

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Baudmuster, Band Sergeant-
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THE WAR CRY.

7

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY THE GENERAL.

About Husbands: Their Privileges and Duties.

7. THE HUSBAND FINDS IN A GOOD WIFE THE COMPLETION OF HIS OWN CHARACTER. Humanly speaking, he is an unfinished, imperfect creature until he finds a wife and completes his heart. She is the second and brighter side of him; she completes his natural education of heart, giving a more manly man.

In saying this, and much that has gone before, and also much that will follow after, I am in danger of being a little misunderstood, but you must remember that I do not write for those who are perfect, and that I am not attempting to describe the exceptions in life. I have no doubt about Paul's doctrine and example with all my heart, his contention that in death states a single truth which it can be accepted by man, offers more facilities for the service of God, and that a man unencumbered with wife and family will be at an advantage in the salvation war over one with them.

I was reading a little time back how that in the French and German War, when the *Lambwärth* — that is, the soldiers who had been called up from their homes to fight — were ordered forward to meet the enemy, it was a common thing to see them, strong and brave as they were, burst into tears and face the storm of shot and steel sobbing with emotion. The youngest recruits of yesterday plunged into the fight with boundless enthusiasm, apparently without a thought of what might befall them. How was this? The explanation is easily found.

The older men were husbands and fathers, and, knowing that some of them had to fall, they wept in anticipation over the desolation which they knew their death or wounds would bring to those who were dependent upon them for food, and comfort, and all the natural joys of life. With the younger men there was no such call made upon sympathies, and, with free and unburdened hearts, unceasing about themselves, they fought their fight.

Even so with the Soldier of Jesus Christ. The man (or the woman) who is married, is free to go to work or stay. His absence means no one's heart; his death leaves none home-less and desolate and there is no question but that if he can so unmake his heart and body as to be free in spirit for this whole-soul service of his Lord, it is best for the Kingdom of Heaven, and not for

himself. It is his intention, his effort to be entered on the e-Book. If, after being for a month, he has les and shown himself to be worthy of them, he is in the Soldiers' Roll, because time publicly sworn er of the corps.

roll.

once entered on the Roll, rite or soldiers, can be without the consent of the royal Officer, whose be obtained on a form Captain and Local Offi- er above.

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love and culture of home-life will never be known in this world.

"Such a home makes man the better, Sweet and lasting its control; Home, with pure and bright surroundings.

Leaves an impress on the soul."

But no man can be said to have a home, in the highest sense of the word, without a wife. That does not say that no man will be happy unmarried. Happiness depends on the possession of a clean heart, faithfulness to right principles, and his devotion to the service of God and man. Indeed, as experience teaches, God can make His joy so absent in the soul of a true soldier under any circumstances, while, as Paul affirms, and as we have just observed, the opportunities of usefulness may be even greater in a single than a married state.

III. I write for every-day people and the conditions of ordinary life. I say that marriage is of Divine appointment, and amongst the other blessings brought to a husband by a good, faithful, and affectionate wife, will be the happy home which, in many respects, comes far in for being the truest type of the Heavenly Rest.

S. A. Social Operations in South Africa.

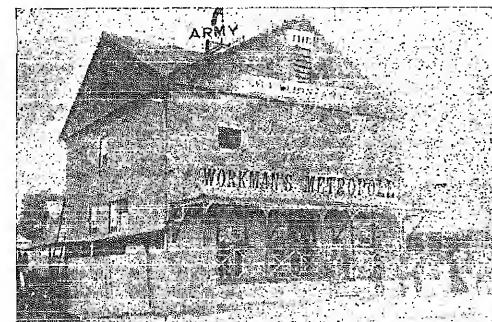
The "Illustrated Review of the Salvation Army Social Operations in South Africa for 1899-1900," has just come to hand. It is a neatly-covered booklet of the size of *All the World*, well written and liberally illustrated.

Social Work Among Women.

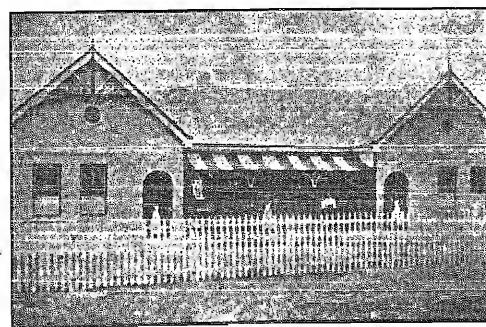
Rescue Homes for Women are now established in most of the chief centres of South Africa. At Kimberley Mrs. Cap. Cross is in charge. Mrs. Cross had many hours to pass through the Shores of Mysoreland in the outbreak of the rebellion of 1895, when her husband was shot dead at her side. Last winter she stuck nobly to her post during the trials and privations of the long siege of Kimberley. A fine new Home has been opened at Port Elizabeth in February last. The Transvaal Home had to be closed during the war, but operations there will be resumed as soon as permissible. The seven Rescue Homes accommodate about 100 girls. During last year 150 persons passed



THE S. A. PRISON GATE HOME, RONDEBOSCH, SOUTH AFRICA.



THE RECENTLY-OPENED WORKMAN'S METROPOLIS AT KIMBERLEY, S.A.



THE NEW S. A. RESCUE HOME "FLORENCE HOME," PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA.

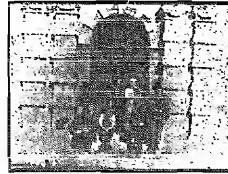
through these institutions, \$5 per cent. of which are reported as satisfactory. This supports the astonishing rate of success attained by similar Army institutions all round the world. Of the above number, 78 girls have been sent to situations; 26 have been restored to friends, and 30 have professed salvation and given proof of a change of heart. 1,016 visits to brothels have been paid by our officers; 129 out-pat meetings for women have been held, and otherwise 4,392 hours spent in visitation.

Men's Social Work.

The Food and Shelter Depots provide accommodation for about 400 men. During the year 92,502 men received cheap lodgings, including 5,514 free admissions.

200,515 cheap meals were supplied.

1,112 men passed through the labor yards, who received \$735 in wages. 236 men have been admitted to the Prison Gate Homes, and 291 men have passed out.



ENTRANCE TO OUR CAPE TOWN METROPOLIS.

On April 10th a new Workman's Metropole was opened at Kimberley, where, in spite of an annual output of sixteen million dollars' worth of diamonds, there are plenty of poor and hungry men. A Military Home is combined with this institution, and excellent results have been achieved.

With the Prison Gate Home at Rondebosch the Social Farm is conducted, which furnishes temporary employment to discharged prisoners.

Every time you turn your eyes on evil its shadow falls on your heart.

Some people never pray for a revival to come at a time when it will interfere with their work.

The man who never speaks of his religion in private is not getting very much out of it in private.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Lang, Gauvoune, to be Captain.
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound, to be Captain.

APPOINTMENT—

ENSIGN PENNY, Hampton, to Hillsboro, N. B.
EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



PRINTED FOR EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the Marquesas Islands, and the Salvation Army Training House, 31 Albert Street, Toronto. ***

All communications referring to the contents of the WAR CRY contributions for publication in its pages, or requests about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ontario. All contributions and matters referring to subscriptions, rates, &c., should be addressed to THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Cheques and Express Orders should be made payable to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, on one side of the paper only, and in a clear, legible hand.

All manuscripts, (written matter intended for publication can be sent at the rate of ONE CENT postage per two enclosures, and one-half cent postage or open wrapper and marked "Printer's Copy".

The Illness of Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

Cucker.

By THE COMMISSIONER.

The past few days have been of most acute and painful anxiety to those who have known of the sudden and serious illness of my beloved sister—Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker. The almost-tropical heat, which has sought its victims everywhere, fell with cruel force upon the Consul, and with its ruthless hand thrust her into a condition of suffering which, through the watches of the long day and nights, has proved most severe and alarming.

Since the receipt of the first intimation of her critical state, I have passed through an agony of apprehension and have held myself in readiness to leave at any moment for New York—in fact, I was starting on Saturday when telegrams informed me of a slight change for the better, and also advised me that the slight excitement my presence would occasion might seriously retard her recovery. As yet she has not been able to send me any message, or I know she would use us for our prayer. This request I make in her stead, and plead that out of the fulness of your heart, with a persistent fervency, you will entreat of our Almighty Father the benediction of His healing touch, for although there is cause for much praise for the improvement the latest news brings us, yet the Consul is extremely low, and her condition is precarious.

I feel assured that you will pray with that faith which will bring the answer to your prayers. In the knowledge you have of the blessing His grace has made her to thousands of the most sad and slanting, and how deeply she is loved throughout the world. Also I would ask you to hold up the Commander, who, during his long journey from California, passed through the greatest mental strain of his life.

WINNIPEG FRESH AIR CAMP.

The finances for the Fresh Air Camp in Winnipeg were collected by a committee of ladies formed for that purpose. It was an inter-denominational committee and did excellent work.



August 14th, 1900.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

Reported telegrams from various foreign ministers give substantiation to the fact that the foreigners are still holding out in the British Legation, Pekin, although food and ammunition are running low. The British representative, Sir Claude Macdonald, states in a despatch dated 6th inst. that only ten days' food was available, and a general massacre was feared unless speedy relief would come. The killed and wounded among the foreigners in Pekin number 100. The Chinese Emperor offered to conduct the foreigners to Tien Tsin under escort, but this offer has been refused, as trencher is feared. Besides, it would mean the abandonment of 3,000 native Christians to certain slaughter. The allies, however, have made a splendid advance. They have captured Yangtze after a stubborn resistance, and the Chinese troops have fled in disorder. The allies lost nearly 200 men in killed and wounded. The allied forces are reported, according to telegrams of yesterday, to be within 35 miles of Pekin. Count Walderssee, a German Field Marshal, has been appointed as Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces in China. All the Powers, except France, have accepted the appointment. Count Walderssee cannot reach China till late in September, however. The Chinese Emperor has appointed Li Hung Chang as Peace Commissioner, and has appealed for peace from all the Powers. The allies refuse to discuss peace until the foreign ministers are safely released from Pekin. The Russians have captured New Chwang, and are sending large forces to Manchuria.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Peace does not appear at any approachable distance, according to the latest news from the front. General Delahey has captured the British Garrison at Elund's River after ten day's resistance. General Carrington has been ordered to concentrate at Mafeking, which is preparing for a second siege. General De Wet is reported to have 3,500 men and 200 wagons with him. He has crossed the Vaal River, and although closely followed by General Kitchener and several times thought to be completely surrounded, it is feared he will escape and join Delahey's forces. The Orange River Colony seems to be cleared of the enemy now. General Buller is moving northward. Both the Boers and the British soldiers are reported to be sadly in need of clothing and suitable food. A plot was discovered in Pretoria to capture and carry off Lord Roberts and shoot the British officers. The conspirators have been arrested. The Boers seized the trains east of Pretoria, and as a punishment, the farms within a radius of ten miles were burned.

NORTH AMERICAN NEWS.

A big storm at Cornwall unroofed many buildings. An unusual number of drowning accidents is reported during the week. Typhoid fever is very prevalent in Winnipeg. A case of yellow fever is reported in New York. In a collision of an omnibus and a train in Pennsylvania, eleven people were killed and fourteen injured. An Express Messenger was found murdered in his car, near Columbus, Ohio, and a considerable sum stolen from the company's safe. The murderer has been secured, and has confessed to the deed. During the last seven months the increase in the export of cattle, wheat, cheese, eggs, fish, and bacon from Canada to Great Britain amounted to five million dollars. Bermuda colored troops have been terrorizing the citizens of Hamilton, Ber. A train of the Central Railway fell through a trestle bridge 70 or 80 feet into the gully. The driver was killed and all the passengers injured.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

Recent rains have decidedly improved the crop prospects of India. American soldiers in the Philippines are reported dying in great numbers owing to the lack of medical aid. Yellow fever is reported as widely spread on the West coast of Africa. A suspected case of bubonic plague has been isolated at Hamburg. Russia expects to have 142,000 men and 242 guns in Siberia by the end of September. The Amir of Afghanistan is said to be mobilizing his army to advance against the Russian frontier. Lord Salisbury has gone to a health resort in France. Dr. Leibnitz, a German Socialist leader, is dead. Japan has entirely prohibited the emigration of Japanese laborers to British Columbia. 55 million were authorized in the U. S. A. to a recent British war loan, of which \$22,000,000 were allotted. Another measure of 200 Armenians, women and children included, is reported from British. At some French naval manoeuvres a torpedoed destroyer was cut in two by a battleship and 22 lives were lost. The accident was due to a wrong turning of the destroyer. The White Star liner Cyrene had a fire in her hold while at sea, which caused great anxiety for some days, but was finally subdued.

FROM THE Commissioner's Desk.

This article of furniture is not so stationary as others of the unit. Its shape, size, and surroundings are dependent upon its own rapid migrations from one scene of work and war to another. Sometimes the Commissioner's desk is the vibrating seat of a railway car, where regus of dictating have been done under difficulties, and where certain sinkers did all the 'ts' and cross all the 't's of hand-writing rather superabundantly. Sometimes it is the little table of the officers' quarters, where the Commissioner has put in many hours while on tour, and inadvertently inspired the devoted corps commander by a peep into the arduous behind-the-scenes toll, which is the inevitable characteristic of their leader's war-camp. Sometimes (though this is not nearly so often) the "desk" is found in some cozy corner of the Commissioner's private home sanctum, in which every room, at some time or other, is pressed into business use; in fact, if the revelation were not almost beyond the prorogative of these topics, we might find even the couch upon which our leader seeks her night's slumber, spread, both early and late, with a cool and crumpling coverlet of papers. This week, however, the Commissioner's desk has, in reality, been the large brown table in the large brown room behind the gothic window in which the pulse of the Territory sends out its throbbing.

The almost tropical wave which has passed over Toronto during the last few days has not had mercy upon the Commissioner's office. The stifling heat would have prostrated her scanty stock of reserve strength had it not been for her spirit, which is equally energetic under atmospheric conditions, torrid or frigid. There were some who really believed that they did the Kingdom of God and the flag service when they besought the Commissioner to spare herself a few hours of the city's smothering influences, when the thermometer was at its highest, by remaining at home, but their arguments were defeated by the Commissioner and driven ignominiously from the field by her indignant scorn. On the bridge she would stay, no matter what nights or fiery exactions the shadeless temperature climbed. So during the long, burning hours of the past week, officers who have mapped their mapping forehead with a hand while the scalded their pens with the other, have remembered that their commander is not best past in their midst, and though nearly melted with the fires of mid-summer affliction, unannounced as ever.

Unrest Festival is to the front in the Commissioner's attention. More than one hour an intruder in her

The Consul Seriously Ill.

(By wire.)

Monmouth House,
Spring Lake, N.J.

Regret to have to inform you that Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker was prostrated by the recent heat wave, her life being for some time in imminent danger through failure of the heart. Through God's blessing, she is now out of danger, though still extremely low. Desire your prayers. COLONEL HICCHIN.

office would have found her with the Civil and Territorial Secretaries in profound consultation on this subject, a forest of H. F. "raw material" displayed before them. Every hair of the Colonel's head has bristled with excitement as he has jotted innumerable hieroglyphic notes of valuable schemes and suggestions, while the benign brow of the itinerant champion of the Field has fairly shone with infinite desire to outdo all previous plans formed for this effort in the history of man. Of course, these confidences have been strictly confidential, and we must not conjecture the detailed nature of the aforesaid schemes; but there was one remark which looked out between the red balaclava doors about this Harvest Festival being bound to beat the record, and we fancy that it sounded like the Commissioner's own voice that said it.

At the close of the week's sunniest day a shadow fell upon the Commissioner's path—one of those heart-aches which a significant scrap of yellow paper often knows so much well how to inflict. A wild message told of sickness, sorrows, and sudden, which had fallen upon our leader's loved sister—the Consul. We followed with a shadow of distressing news and the devotion of a sister's heart was full of pain and apprehension. Hasty preparations were made, and the Commissioner was just starting on another of these sad journeys when he has taken on sorrow's wing to the States' Headquarters, when a telegram holding happier tidings was handed in. While we write the Consul's condition is improved, but still very critical and acute. Anxiety is felt at the Army's Headquarters over the border accentuated by the fact that the Consul was laid low when the Commander was thousands of miles distant upon the warpath, and has had to travel in an agony of anxiety a long three days' journey before he could reach the side of his stricken wife. Our own Commissioner will appreciate the prayers of all sympathetic hearts in this Territory on behalf of this warrior home, again wrapped in the twilight of affliction, that one so precious to the fight may speedily be restored to the front once more.

The Warning of Ease.

Nature is vocal with warnings. Pain is a warning of one kind, and ease is a warning of another kind. When work that is worth doing becomes very easy to us, we may generally conclude that we are not doing it as well as we might. Higher excellence is impossible when we are satisfied to do a thing easily. Only in the challenge of the difficult lies the possibility of progress. Herein we must turn and become as little children if we would enter the Kingdom of Heaven. They enjoy the difficult.

MRS. READ'S TOUR.

Finish of Her Successful Tour in the Eastern Provinces.

(By wire.)

Finished New Brunswick campaign; good times. Hon. Dr. Stuckton presided social meeting. Deepest interest manifested in Rescue Work at Moncton, Fredericton, and Woodstock. Report following.—Mrs. Read.

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FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT TO THE FINISH.

Commissioner Dowdle's Funeral and Memorial Service.

The General in Command of these Remarkable Meetings—The First Army Commissioner Dead—197 Souls Find Life.

The Memorial Chaplain has proved a memorable one. The vast audiences on both Saturday and Sunday; the impressive and inspiring scenes in the Congress Hall, as one meeting followed another; the songs and music, both by the side of the open grave and in the building; the holy influences which passed over thousands of hearts, and the mighty messages which fell from the General's lips, as well as his own presence amongst us on an occasion so nearly touching the hearts of the multitude, have all rendered these meetings of the deepest interest.

The crowds—and there were great crowds—were very much moved. The General's addresses were a wonderful presentation of Life and Death; all day long the people hung upon his words. Bad men and good alike saw things as they are; saw themselves from the vantage-ground of their death-chambers. Multitudes looked at life from death, and looked at death in the light of what was to come after. He compared the grave with a light on it from the Cross, and the grave set in the blackness of despair. The joys of the Heavened, the Triumphs of the Faithful, only appeared more glorious with the terrible background which the Truth about Sin and Judgment presented.

It was a Salvationists' day. This unlettered, godless Railway Guard, the mention of whose name brings tears to thousands of eyes, was a genuine example of Salvation Army work and warfare; his life and its results were a sword with which the General made great havoc amongst the King's enemies.

The scene in the concluding Meeting on Sunday night was one over which God Himself must have rejoiced. Sinners coming to the Cross; Backsliders returning home; families reunited at the feet of Jesus; Drunkards and Prostitutes, Pharisees, Church Members, and the little children nod old men grown white in the service of sin, kneeling together. Tears, out gushes, and songs of faith and triumph, mingled in a holy medley. Hallelujah! 197 souls was the total for Sunday.

"Commissioner Dowdle is dead!" cried the General out of the depths of his own heart-sorrows, and the gathered thousands in the Congress Hall.

THE GENERAL'S ADDRESS.

My dear comrades and friends, this is an annual service. I rise to ad-

dress you with emotions such as only a very devout heart can express. This I say, is no unfeeling service. If a stranger were to ask, "What does it mean?" Why all these people gathered together at this unusual hour, with these solemn countenances, and yet so earnest in their aspect? we would tell them that a long-tried and well-beloved Commissioner had been taken from his place in our ranks and had been promoted to the triumphant Salvation Army in the sky.

Commissioner Dowdle is dead! We find it difficult, to this hour, to believe it; we find it difficult to believe that we shall see his loving countenance never again here below. But this coffin is convincing evidence of the fact. The Commissioner has gone, his noble form lies prostrate, the light has gone out of his loving eyes.

His Lips are Silent;

we shall hear him sing the songs of Zion no more until we join him in singing them triumphantly before the throne. We shall hear him no more pleading with the sinner to submit himself to his offering. But, like the Israelites, he returns to his home. We shall not again hear his voice encouraging us to be diligent and earnest in the fight. His wife is alone, but we know enough of her spirit to believe that she will continue earnestly in the fight until she joins him in the Better Land. Our sympathies are with her, our prayers are for her. But we are all mourners to-day, for Commissioner Dowdle sleeps the sleep of death. He is gone, and someone ought to speak a word for him. If any man who has passed out of our ranks and from our earthly sight to that Heavenly mansion ought to have a word said over his remains, I think it is the Commissioner, whom we are about to lay in the grave to-day. And I think if anyone has a supreme right to speak about him it is myself. Next to my beloved wife, I count myself to have been

Most Beloved of All,

and, therefore, I feel that I ought to say something to you before we take him to the cemetery, and lay him in the dust to await the Trump which shall call him from the grave.

We had been trying to say it to each other for the past half-hour: the solemn red and yellow draped basket, which occupied the space in front of the platform, majestically solitary and silent, with its draped faces of the dead comrades who sat immediately in front grouped together on the lowly, penitent form, said it; the white ribbons fluttering from the Army colors and the white armlets, said it; the pathetic figure of the little widow, her slender fingers tightly clasped in the cross and crown sash, said it; but never did the truth come home to each heart with such vividness as when the General, with hands stretched out towards the coffin in front of him, on which, mute and unstrung, lay the old fiddle "Jimmy" Dowdle had so merrily and truly praised his God with for upwards of forty years, and, with a voice of emotion, proclaimed:

"Commissioner Dowdle is dead!"

"Dead! Yes he was dead, and many

a heart was sore and broken because

of it, though never a child of it, to

call him "father"—that is, after the

flesh. Spiritual children he had in

almost every corner of the earth, and

threw themselves daily in many

lands, and among various nationalities, because James Dowdle, Commiss-

ioner of the Army, had the grace of God, is not.

The Chief of the Staff's opening

prayer would have delighted Commiss-

ioner Dowdle. Its triumphant ring,

its echo of the resurrection cry, "Oh,

grave, where is thy victory?" chanted well with the sturdy spiritual nature James Dowdle possessed.

Commissioner Coombs' solo, which

preceded the General's address, was a

song of deliverance, and a great favorite of Commissioner Dowdle's, whose

years of Christian toil ever testified

to his love of his Master.

"There is pleasure in His service

More than all, more than all."

The General's words were listened to

intently, and everyone felt that he

sorrowed, not alone for the loss of an

old and tested officer, but for a friend.

I knew him well. He was a transparent, straightforward, open-hearted man, who carried his heart on his sleeve, so to speak. You had only to look into his face, and to hear his words, and you felt as though you were looking into his breast, and hearing the throbings of his heart. I knew him, and he knew me. I trusted him. I never had a shadow of a question about his loyalty; no fear ever crossed my mind about his ever deserting his colors and leaving his God to carry on the battle alone. I never had a question whether such a thought was ever for a moment entertained or a possibility by him! I loved him, and he loved me!

I shall never forget our first meeting. Thirty-three four years of trial and difficulty and change have passed over my head since then, but that meeting is green in my memory. It was in Whitechapel, that birthplace of many good, blessed, and precious people, and many good and blessed things in this movement. It was one Sunday evening, I was out in the usual open-air, for, although I had to lead a meeting of some three thousand people afterwards, I stuck to my post in the open-air and led the procession. I had put down Commissioner Dowdle to speak. He spoke straight to me in the heart. I liked the ring of it; I said,

"That man has hold of the right object, and he is seeking it in the right way."

He heard me speak afterwards, and he saw some fifty or sixty people kneel at the penitent form. His open-air effort won my confidence, and my leader effort, and what followed it, won my confidence in me. It was a close of

Love at First Sight.

Our hearts came together, and they came together to know no separation. We are only separated now in form. We are still one in spirit, and still be one in spirit at last.

Fifty-nine years, or thereabouts, he lived in this world; for more than thirty of them he was an officer of the Salvation Army, and I do not believe there is anyone who ever knew him, from that time, who has reason to question the reality of his profession. He lived his religion right out in the barracks he was the same in his billets he was the same in Great Britain, on the Continent, in America, or, indeed, in Australia, or wherever he might have been at suns, classes, and conferences of men. Commissioner Dowdle held up his head, and wore his uniform, and avowed himself to be a Salvationist, a follower of Jesus Christ, and said good people would go to heaven, and bad people would go to hell.

For a long, long time he lived, as it were, on the verge of the grave. Many and many a time he seemed to climb up some sort of a ladder, and get very near to the gates of heaven, and then come back again to us, and filled us with hope he was going to be allowed a longer stay. But at last the gates have opened, and have let him in. Is there a man or woman there, who knew him, who has a doubt that he is surely landed amongst the blessed?

Then followed a fervent appeal to us, especially backsliders, to rank their peace with God and meet the Commissioner in Heaven. Had there been time for a prayer meeting, we feel sure that scores would have yielded.

THE FUNERAL MARCH.

The funeral procession was the most imposing that has been seen in North London since that never-to-be-forgotten event in October, 1880, when a long column of red and blue, was formed to follow General and numbered 2,000 officers and soldiers. Every phase of the service was represented, for was ever the deceased warrior an all-round Salvationist?

The following was the order of the procession:

Advance Guard—Twelve Male Officers.

Band—Cungress Hall and Cadets.

(Continued on page 13.)

tion Hand-Bell
Ringers on Tap.

(Continued.)

vacation Hand-Bell Ringers返家 on Friday, en route there. We arrived in Camp at 8:30, tired out, and were deeply by some of the company in a town for the whole party.

My morning found us as fresh as, ready to face the devil and the Devil. We very soon let the people know that we had a town, and with a comrade in the tent and a big, the curling, musical, cyclone, quiet man, with harmonica, bass instruments and drum, the town ring.

We had a fine time in the street was blocked, and had a good time.

—
came along, and with it we thought at first that we or a wet day; but the weather the holiness unceasing, was the holiness meeting was marched before to let the now that we were alive. The as one of power. Everyone here of the Major's address, is very searching, Result,

afternoon and at night we meetings in the Oddfellow's given up for us for the the Railway Men's Association night the Major spoke power and freedom, and was listened to by every attention. Result, eight ten for the day.

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at the meeting of the, the Hand-Bell Ringers' which was a storm of music to finish. The Oddfellow's very soon packed with an end, nor were they dispelled, nor were they dispelled a program that lasted hours. Some were loud in their regret at the troops soon. The troops are less of gratitude to the who inflicted them, and to us extended to them by all that, Jackson and Lieutenant in charge, and have things.

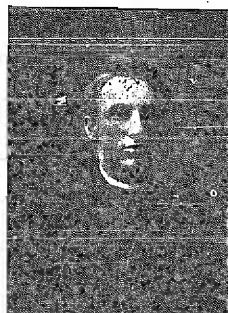
—
the boarded the train at Sackville, after being up one of the comrades being sent off, giving us a kind to come again.

arrived at Sackville at met by Capt. Forsay, the charge, but we are sorry to the one member short. Major and to leave the troops to proceed to St. John on ness. We had a good time; good crowd; collection

—
participated in Amherst In. After dinner we started up the town. Did it not need. And the funny men did they get wet? Of did, but the water did not the brains. Capt. and came down to help in meeting. In the open-air people laugh to see Capt. early-headed madman Amherst is all right, we meeting.

—
arrived at 2 o'clock. Met by Captain Ryan and sons. Presently there is a the matter? Why, the just came in, and in it money, come to look after a dead member of the quite right, Mrs. McE, taking after.

— and with it the meeting, and people delighted; and, and people delighted; for the week was in every story, although there were on the fence who crooked, only one cloud to mar it that is the illness of Pickering. I am sure our pray for Mrs. Pickering



CAPT. HARMAN,
Balaclava, Ont.

Barracks too Small.

CHANNEAL, N.B.—We are having splendid meetings here. Our barracks is too small for our Sunday night meetings. On Sunday night we had a blessed time. Much of God's power was felt, and many were brought to Jesus, and one dear brother who had been a backslider for over two years, obtained pardon through the Blood of the Lamb. We are in for victory. M. Noel, Lieut.

Major Turner Visits Orangeville.

ORANGEVILLE.—Major Turner was with us on Wednesday evening, and an ice cream and cake social was held. The Major having been stationed as Captains here eleven years ago, old friends were glad to meet him. There was a good crowd present and much good done. On a recent Sunday two came out for the blessing of a clean heart. A Methodist friend came and assisted in the open-air. Yours in His N. R. "Friday, Capt.

Klondike Visitors.

VICTORIA, B. C.—We have welcomed Capt. Scott, who has just taken charge of Victoria. The first Sunday we had one soul, backslider, Ensign Elery and Capt. LeGoc, from Dawson, were with us for a few days.

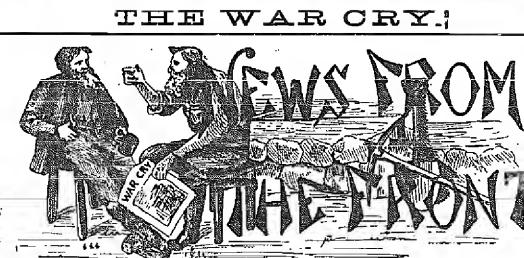
They looked well, and were a great help in the meetings. Their stay in the Klondike seems to have agreed with them. They looked better than when they went in. We are on the lookout for our other officer, as Capt. Scott is alone, and is kept extremely busy.—M. L.

A Bright Outlook.

PILLEY'S ISLAND, N.B.—We have nothing particularly striking to report, but we are glad to say that things in general are bright, and our faith in God is unshaken. The War Crys are said without any difficulty, which, of course, is encouraging to Sergt.-Major Blakemore. Bro. Simon Ward has become a splendid boomer, beginning with a few and increasing each week until he has reached twenty. I have just paid a visit to Booth Harbor, ten miles up Hall's Bay, and held two profitable meetings. The people are exceptionally kind and greatly appreciate the Army. A few weeks ago I buried Sister Lock's two-year-old child. The little one had been a sufferer since its birth, and we looked upon it as a happy release to be called higher to join the angel band. The Jubilee work is doing well. Their annual picnic takes place soon.—The James, Capt.

Booming the Cry.

GLACE BAY.—Capt. Lemire is proving himself a worthy successor to Capt. Thompson in the War Cry, etc. With the assistance of the P. S. M. and his staff, he is enabled to sell out every week. The Sunday evening open-air are proving a great blessing, and also the meetings among the workmen in the "Stick." If something wonderful does not happen in S. A. circles before long—one of those things which only happens once in the life of a man, or two men—then indications don't come for anything. But straws show the way the wind blows, and everything seems favorable to a —. The S. A. is striding ahead in G. B. Ensign Parsons' motto: "Better wear out than rust out," is all right.—Yours in the fight, Sergt.-Major



ST. THOMAS.—We have many encouraging things to report in the way of blessing and victory. One week six souls sought forgiveness, and three obtained the blessing of sanctification. Major and Mrs. McMillan, with Adj't. Coombs, recently paid us a visit, which was very successful. Saturday and Sunday last, Balaclava McMillan, of Galt, with us and proved a splendid help. The War Cry Brigade succeeds in selling all the Crys before Saturday night. Three new members have joined the Brigade. Bro. and Sister Morris farewelled on Sunday night. They will make two more soldiers for Toronto, but two less for us. Sister Morris is an active Junior worker, and Bro. Morris is a faithful husband. May God bless them and go with them, and still lead us to victory.—Ensign A. D. Sloat.

Great Things Ahead.

MOORHEAD, N.D.—Since coming to Somersett, Aug. 15th, we have not sent to many reports, but we are still alive and fighting for the Lord. The war against sin has been won, but victory is ours. Three souls have come to God so far, but victory is ours. She has been alone in Somersett without a Lieutenant for nearly four months, and we must say that she has worked very hard and deserves great credit for the way she has kept the corps together. Although of late we have not seen much visible results of the faithful and devoted toll, nevertheless, we trust that the incoming officers will reap the harvest of the seed sown by Capt. Goodwin. We believe she is a faithful officer to God and the Salvation Army. We are in for victory here and our motto is Souls.—Johnnie, R. Russell, Lieut.

DITTAWA.—Staff-Capt. Burditt, our new Chancellor, was with us on Saturday and Sunday. God wonderfully blessed the efforts with the salvation of many souls. On Saturday evening one soul came to God. In the Sunday morning holiness meeting the Staff-Captain's subject, "The paying of vows to God" was a very soul-stirring appeal, bringing the wind-up of the service on Sunday night, was a salvation blizzard, resulting in five precious souls kneeling at the Mercy Seat, making a total of eight souls for the day's meetings. Come again, Staff-Captain, we shall be pleased to see you. Praise God for the victories.—See, A. French.

A Successful Self-Dental.

BLENNIEIM.—Our Self-Dental appeal has been attended with very good results, seeing the town has been so recently canvassed by others. Adj't. Coombs' notes on the District were very much appreciated. Capt. Harman has taken up the reins here, and is going in to do his best for God here. Sunday was a quiet day, but the meetings of the eight Major and Mrs. McMillan, with the boy trumpeters and Adj't. Coombs, Grand open-air in front of the Central Hotel, Big Crowd. The boys' playing and singing were much appreciated as was shown by the giving of \$2 collection. Little Trumpeter McMillan's singing and playing won all hearts. Returning to the barracks, a very good crowd awaited us, some new faces being noticed among those present. We were treated to some more choice music on both the brass and stringed instruments. The Major's talk was to the point, and like warm professors were vigorously dealt with. One soul said a deeper work of grace. Come again, Major, and bring Mrs. McMillan.—Yours in fight, Capt. Cook, C. O's.

19 War Crys, prayed with and blessed people, some of whom were near death's river. Some we found had not been prayed for with years. Coming to our own little place we obtained some fresh fish from one of our comrades, bad our tea and went to our meeting. A call was made after the meeting. "We arrived again at our quarters, tired, but happy in Jesus, and rested for the night. We had a bit tired this morning, but will be ready for our next visit. We are still here for the morning, but will be ready for our next visit. Some of our outpost friends promised to have a good dinner cooked the next time we visit them. They were very kind. We visited one old lady 87 years of age, and had never been saved. She longs for salvation now.—Yours in help, Capt. England; Lieut. Bulley.

Souls Our Motto.

SOMERSSET, B.C.—On Sunday night Capt. Goodwin said good-bye to the Somersett corps and friends after a short stay of six months. We were all sorry to have to part with her so soon. She has been alone in Somersett without a Lieutenant for nearly four months, and we must say that she has worked very hard and deserves great credit for the way she has kept the corps together. Although of late we have not seen much visible results of the faithful and devoted toll, nevertheless, we trust that the incoming officers will reap the harvest of the seed sown by Capt. Goodwin. We believe she is a faithful officer to God and the Salvation Army. We are in for victory here and our motto is Souls.—Johnnie, R. Russell, Lieut.

RIDGEPORT.—"Many times would his elbow go tip, tip, tip. As from the little goblet he would sip, sip, sip. But he stopped short, never to drink again. When the old demijohn was gone."

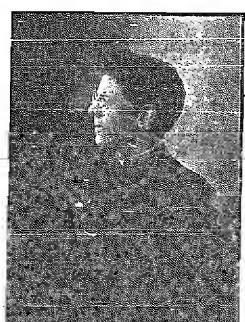
was the chorus of the song sung by Donald McMillan, one of the boy trumpeters, on a recent visit to Ridgeport. It had been announced that Major McMillan, with the four boy trumpeters, and Adj't. Coombs, would be at the Township Hall on Wednesday night, Aug. 1st. All arrived on the 11:20 train. In the open-air the people were captivated with the music played by the Adj't. and the boys on the brass and stringed instruments, also on their whistles. The meeting inside was excellent. The Major was at his best. All present enjoyed ice cream at the close. Come again, Major, and bring Mrs. McMillan.—Yours in fight, Capt. Cook, C. O's.

The Enemy Routed.

PRESCOOT.—Our soldiers and converts are still going on in the fight, although it is hard. Since last report the enemy has been routed on all sides, and the red-hot truth poured into the enemy's ranks. Sunday night's meeting was one of power and spiritual blessing. Old-time Salvation Army meetings are the order of the day. The people are in great sympathy with us. God bless Prescott.—Matthew Brimson, R. C.

Three Hundred Converts in Five Months.

SKAGWAY.—We arrived in Skagway on July 24th. The soldiers, Alaskan people, and friends gave us a grand welcome. While on the train, a gentleman said, "The good that is being done by the Army here should be more widely known." The work is rather difficult just now, as so many men are away prospecting, and we keep following. We have been here but about three days when a Sergeant and wife (native) came up from Kilkineewak, where they have had about three hundred converts in five months. They



CAPT. OWEN,
Just farewell iron. Coaticook.

pleaded so hard for someone to go and help them for a few days. Capt. Goodwin went, and we may look out for a report of her trip later.—Lieut. "Stagway."

QUEBEC.—Captains Huxtable and Bross have farewelled and Capt. Norman and Gross have arrived to carry on the war. Ensign Steadman, and wife and daughter, from Waterdown, N. Y., were with us for a few days. Comrades turned up, blessed and helped us in their souls; also Miss Leonard, a non-denominational student, from over the line with us Thursday night, giving her experience before and after conversion, and needless to say, her address was appreciated by all present. Sisters Crawford and Shepherd were at the Cry selling Saturday night in a hotel, when a gentleman handed Sister Crawford a five-dollar bill for one. Taking things altogether, Quebec is on the rise. With Christ in the vessel we shall smile at the storm.—A. J., for Capt. Norman.

Still Alive.

SARNIA.—We hope you don't think we are dead, for this is not so. God is helping us to march on. A beautiful weekend was spent on the occasion of the visit of the Dr. O., Adj't. Blenkinst, who went in with all his might. The meetings concluded with one soul at the Cross, and others deeply convicted. We are in for victory. —One who saw and heard,

ROTHWELL.—Last Sunday two souls came to God for pardon. Monday night ice cream social. Captain Cox and Glory Jim with us. We had good time. Come again, Captain and Jim.—H. Bennett, for Capt. Thompson.

Things are Going on Nicely.

SIMCOE.—We had with us recently Adj't. Goodwin, from Hamilton. She led a Sunday night meeting, at the close of which a brother, his wife, and a young man came back to God. May they be kept true, is our prayer. We had a good Hallelujah wind-up at night. Friday night a cottage meeting was held, led by Adj't. McHarg. At this a young man, who is now too sick to come out to meeting, came forward and gave his heart to God. Last night we bid adieu to Sister Mrs. Crooker, one of our best soldiers. She leaves here to reside at St. Catharines. We shall miss her. Two weeks ago we had a successful ice cream social. Good growth, good program, finances, etc. Adj't. Goodwin led, assisted by Capt. Mathers and Horkin and Lieutenant Kitchen and Crawford. Our leaders, Adj't. and Mrs. McHarg, are away now on a short furlough, but we still advance under the leadership of Capt. Ringler, and mean to take more prisoners from the enemy's ranks. Heribra Thompson, B. L. S.M.

Under Deep Conviction.

BISMARCK, N.D.—Of late we have been very silent in reporting for the Cry. Ensign Perry was here on Sunday and Sunday the 21st and 22nd. We were favored with an interesting addition on "The Holy War of the Middle Ages." He was dressed in a suit of armor. Sunday night two souls found mercy at the Cross. Praise God. Several were under deep conviction. Captains Smith and Anderson have gone to the camp meetings at Jamestown.—H. T. R.

An American at Yarmouth

Arriving in Yarmouth on the 17th last, I was accosted by two comrades, who were attracted by my uniform, with a "God bless you." Receiving directions as to how to find the barracks, I started off, and in a few minutes I was feeling at home, having received a very cordial welcome from the officers.

In the afternoon we took a short tour over the city, and the writer was very much impressed by the neatness of the lawns and the remarkable beauty of the hedges that surrounded nearly every dwelling.

After a good open-air we proceeded to the barracks, where we were joined by Ensign Loder, who is in charge of the local corps, assisted by Lieut. Long. We enjoyed a good inside meeting; God's presence was felt, though we saw no visible results, but the seed was sown that shall bring forth fruit to God's glory.

Bear River was the next corps visited. Here Captain Hutt and Lieut. Gandler are stationed. Good meetings all day Sunday; large audiences in both afternoon and evening meetings. Here was no doubt it was hard fighting. Our comrades don't give in, "God's grace is sufficient."

Arriving in Annapolis Monday afternoon, I found Capt. Lamont holding the fort in this place. I was not privileged to attend any meetings here.

Tuesday, the 24th last, finds me in Yarmouth again. I had arrived in time for the evening meeting. We had a fine meeting, "Hallelujah Hallelujah," a Danish convert, being present, singing in the English language and in his native tongue also. Sergeant Forbes, a Blood-and-Fire warrior, gave a glowing testimony as to the cleansing power of the Blood. Father and Mother Burrows gave good testimonies as to God's power to save and to keep. Bert Horton, a young convert, was noticed on the platform with his countenance aglow with the love of Jesus. —H. A. Sanford.

Exhibition Notes

BRANDON, Man.—Last week, being exhibition time, we had two days' special meetings. The officers of the District were here, and we had good crowds in both the open-air and indoor meetings. The collections were good: many under conviction, and one soul yielded. God has been blessing us all, and we are looking forward to greater victories.—Cadet Lawford, for Ensign Huyses.

Fight to Conquer.

SOURIS, Man.—We are still fighting the devil and his hosts, but we fight to conquer. The seed has been sown, we now wait the harvest. There is plenty of hard work to be done, yet God will reward our labors. Hallelujah! —Bert Forbes.

Received New Sight.

MOOSE JAW.—We have said goodbye to Capt. Broster and Lieut. Daniel. God bless them. We shall miss them. They have been a great blessing here. We have welcomed Capt. Stocker and Lieut. Gross to lead us on to victory. Already God has used them. Your humble correspondent has received new eyesight. My eyes for five years have been very dim; in fact, of late they were getting so bad that persons advised me to get glasses or soon I would be blind. Captain Stocker told me the Lord could heal me. So about two weeks ago I took the Lord as my healer, and bless Him. He did the work. The dimness is gone, I can see perfectly. All glory to Jesus! Another sister had spent an enormous sum of money to try to get her eyes cured, and was wearing glasses at the time. The glasses are off, and she sees as she never did before. Blessed be God! A mighty revival is at hand.—Yours for God, Tom Scott.

Enthusiastic Musical.

SACKVILLE, N. B.—Glory be to God! We can say not dead, neither sleeping. The long-looked-for come at last, and well we knew it, for I tell you Tuesday night, July 31st, was the most enthusiastic musical festival held at the Army hall for quite a number of years; in fact, one brother remarked it was the best ever held. We had a real, old-time open-air, and then we gathered for a big go at the

hall. Everybody there was delighted, and everything went with a swing. The people were much pleased with the Major's two little girls in their hoop drill. They did marvelously. The crowd was greatly taken with the man with the early head. Good for Mac! The collection in full amounted to \$14.65, which was fair, considering the crowd. At the close of the meeting no one yielded and gave up sin, but conviction was stamped upon many faces. The troupe's visit was a great blessing to us, and it was good to be with old friends again.—Captain and Mrs. Forsey.

Taking Fresh Courage.

BARRE, Vt.—When Zacheus was in the crowd he was unable to see much, but after he left the crowd and got up in the tree, he could see all that was going on. He got a surprise that day, and that he never expected. Well, I am not going to preach about Zacheus, but you know, we tree-climbers have the advantage of those down below, and by the looks of things in the spiritual life, Barre is commencing to get a move on. Some are beginning to take fresh courage, yet there are others, if they would only take a little of the responsibility of the work of God upon their shoulders, and pitch in with the others, I'm sure would feel better. Come on, comrades, and take up your cross. Sunday was a good day. We had the joy of seeing two at the Cross.—Tree-Climber.

A Splendid Gathering.

GREAT FALLS, Mont.—Over two thousand people gathered round our open-air ring last night, the largest crowd Great Falls has ever known, to listen and see what the Captain was going to do next. He was dressed to represent Elijah the Tishbite. The

of the people here, favored us with a solo. We extend a hearty invitation to the trumpeters and their leaders to come back again soon.—Shamrock.

Growth Increasing.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Captains Fisher and Nesbitt are pushing on the war here. Last Thursday night we had an ice cream social. Everybody enjoyed it immensely and went home happy. We are having good meetings, with crowds increasing.—J. H. T., H. C.

Times of Refreshing.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—We are rejoicing over great victories for our King and Lord. We are now about over with the farewells and welcome meetings, and are in for business. Our new officers are taking hold, and are in for pushing the claims of God upon the people. Our meetings are spiritual and times of refreshment, and we have captured 10 prisoners during the week. To God we give the glory.—A. H. C. S. C.

Marching Orders.

KALISPELL, Mont.—Lieut. Lanchan and Prouzamau said good-bye on Sunday night. We had also Bro. Terry, from Spokane, with us. God gave us a blessed time. Lieutenant sang and spoke a few words of farewell. Bro. Terry read the lesson. A young man came out of sympathy and got blessedly saved. Since last report nothing has been said.—Cadet-Lieut. Tippett.

A Week of Specials.

POINT ST. CHARLES, Vt.—I look through the War Cry and seldom see anything from our corps. I think it is a pity our correspondent does not report more often, as there are many things of interest to write about. On



THE THOMPSON SISTERS (CAPTAIN AND SERGEANT), OF BRANTFORD, ONT.

The sisters are renowned War Cry Husslers.

great crowd stood till the very last, and gave well to the collection. The people were faithfully dealt with, and warned of their Sabbath-breaking.—Sheard and Smith.

Ball of Hope.

LEAMINGTON—After a furlough of some length, Capt. Brumigan has taken up the helm here, assisted by Lieut. Burner. They are full of heart for good times. God's Spirit is being felt in our midst. Leamington stands second to none for open-air work. There are beautiful opportunities for uplifting Christ at the street corner. Last night we were favored with a visit from Major and Mrs. McMillan, accompanied by the Boy Trumpeters, five in number, with Adj't. Coombs of Chatham. The Major led off in his usual happy style, and the singing and musical talent of the trumpeters were much appreciated by the hundreds who stood around our ring; Little Norman, with the bass drum, proved a great attraction. The program given inside, on brass and stringed instruments was enjoyed very much. The Major's Bible reading was very pointed and of much profit to us all. Several wept as the Major tenderly referred to dear Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, who is now passing through the dark winters of affliction, and whose feet are now near the edge of the river. Adj't. Coombs, who, by the way, has won his way into the hearts

July 19th, we had a successful ice cream social, and a very special meeting. This meeting was conducted by Brigadier Pugmire and his family, who gave their musical drills, which were beautiful. In the same meeting Staff-Capt. Taylor farewelled for his new appointment in Spokane. Lieut. Cook, who has been assisting Capt. Dawson for about one year, was promoted to the rank of Captain, and farewelled the following Sunday for Morrisburg. Last Sunday we had the pleasure of welcoming Staff-Capt. Burdette, our new Chancellor. Brigadier Pugmire, one who is always welcome, paid a visit. Point St. Charles people conducted the meeting. Last night we had with us Adj't. Robert, the officer in charge of the French work in the city. Mrs. Virtue translated beautifully for the Adj'tant, and Cadet Webber assisted with his singing and guitar. We invite all the visiting officers to come again. From one who had the pleasure of being present at all these special meetings, D. S. E.

Great Camp Meetings.

LISGAR ST.—God is helping us at Lisgar St. We have just concluded a special series of Camp Meetings in Dufferin Grove, in connection with this corps, led by Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, assisted by Staff-Capt. Stanley, Creggton, and others. From the very commencement the Spirit of God was felt, and His seal was placed up

on our efforts. The Colonel was wonderfully helped and inspired of God, his words being a great blessing to us all. Monday before the Civic Holiday, all the city corps marched, and a very profitable day was spent. We wound up at night with about twenty souls at the Mercy Seat, some for salvation, others for sanctification, making a total of fifty-five for the series. May God keep them true. We are in for even greater victories in the future.—Edith Meador, Cadet.

Victory Ahead.

PRESCOTT.—Capt. Grose has farewellled and Capt. Weir, the Hallelujah Scoteman has taken charge. Good crowds on Saturday and all day on Sunday. The enemy is being put to flight, and we are going in for a wonderful soul-mourning time. Keep your eye on Prescott.—Matthew Bulson R. C.

MEDICINE HAT.—God abundantly manifested His wonderful power to save at our Saturday night's meeting, August 4th, as five sick and penitent souls knelt at the Mercy Seat to be washed in the life-giving water, and receive God's gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. It was a magnificent meeting, and Christ was shining through the faces and in the testimonies and prayers of our officers and comrades. Even the sinners were joyful. Able led under God, by our zealous and untiring officers, Medicine Hat corps is pressing the battle home, and the number who follow the banner of the Blood-and-Fire unto victory is swelling. May God greatly bless our corps and lead it onward and upward until it becomes great and glorious against the power of hell.—P. C. Bouwell.

Musical Tornado.

YONKSVILLE—"Staff-Captain Stanion will conduct a grand musical tornado and ice-cream social," so read the announcement. And it all turned out to be a grand affair, for our expectations were exceeded in every sense of the word. The music was attractive, the singing effective, the visiting officers joyful, the chairman was the right man in the right place, and the ice-cream and cake all that could be desired. Allegelie we had a grand time, and Captain Stanion got blessed.—T. G. Meeks.

Encouraging News.

INGSTON.—Sunday very good day. Band to the front. Soldiers seem to be encouraged. We are hopeful of greater victories. Soldiers' meetings are interesting. Holiness meetings are the back-bone of the corps. No souls were saved during the past week. War Crys are all sold out. We are having a picnic on Civic holiday, a real salvation day. We must have victory. Baden-Powell's little one is very low and not expected to live. There is hope while there is life. Mighty things in God must be sought after. There must be real revival all round for salvation and holiness.—Chap.

More Interesting News in Next Report.

ST. JOHNSHURST, Vt.—We are still going on with zeal and courage. Since last writing, at least four have knelt at the penitent form seeking salvation; we trust that they are saved and happy in the Lord. A traveling man, Bro. Stephen O. Purinton, was here a few days ago, and preached the word with power at several of the meetings. May the Lord bless and use him wherever he goes. Lieut. Ludlow, after toiling faithfully for a few weeks here, has gone to Sheetrock to push the war there. The prayers of the people go with her, and we trust that God may bless her in soul and body. Last Thursday we had the pleasure of welcoming our former leader, Capt. Jones. We are looking ahead for victory. In fact, we have the victory as the way along. To God be all the glory! Look out for our next report, as it will contain some very interesting news we expect. Brigadier Pugmire is advertised for St. Johnsbury Wednesday, Aug. 8th, and we can assure him a warm welcome.—W. C. R.

WANTED!—Reliable Christian woman to take care of a little child and do general housework for a small family. Address Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, Temple, Jarvis St., Toronto.

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HUSTLERS' UPS AND DOWNS.



MADAM C.O.P., "I'll catch up to that Arab on a bike, if Nigger is too slow."

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

91 Hustlers.

Capt. Gibson, London	180
Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray, Brantford	120
Lieut. Neomie, Brantford	120
Cadet Crawford, Woodstock	125
Capt. Hellman, Chatham	120
Capt. Hunter, Stratford	107
Capt. Bismarck, Leamington	10

The East has Re-appeared with a Fine Total—Will She Keep it Up Every Week?—Arab the Undisturbed Leader in Ontario—Nigger a Close Second—Newfoundland Keep ing Up in Spite of Hot Weather.

After repeated absence from the weekly rendezvous in the War Cry, the East has turned up this week the fine total of 97 hustlers. This is very praiseworthy, but will she keep it up? Is there a possibility of the list being missing when the number is small? We'll see what we shall see!

Arab is a beautiful racer. He keeps a steady lead. No misses, no jumps, and kindly spells! Major McMillan is manning the noble Arab nicely.

And Nigger? No flies on him, either. He is keeping close to the tail of Arab. He has got a move on alright. Only four behind, fancy!

East Ontario, although last in On-

tario, still shows a fine total with 75 names. The North-West beats the Pacific by six names this week. Newfoundland is keeping a fine record, much better than for some time back, and the Klondike Contingent keeps the steady number of four.

We are pleased to reproduce on another page the photo of the Yeoman Sisters, the notable hustlers of West Ontario. May they live long, and never grow tired of selling Crys!

The Territorial Championship is taken by Mrs. Adjt. Frazer, with an easy lead of 240. Sergeant Conrad, of Halifax, is second, while Captain Gibson, of London, is third. There is a goodly number of high sellers this week.

Capt. McNamee, Sherbrooke	16
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Kingston	10
Capt. O'Neill, St. Albans	10
Lieut. Pitman, St. Albans	10
Lieut. McEwan, St. Albans	10
Eusign Ottawa, Ottawa	10
U. S. M. Venal Barre	10
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal	10
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal	9
Capt. Crego, Cobourg	9
Capt. Hundull, Ottawa	9
Adjt. Ogilvie, Cornwall	7
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	7
Bro. Moore, Montreal	7
Capt. Wilson, Arnprior	7
Capt. Grose, Prescott	7
Lieut. Illes, Newport	7
Mrs. Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	7
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	7
Sister McEwan, Arnprior	7
Capt. Jones, Burlington	6
Capt. Owen, Coaticook	6
Capt. Carter, Belleville	6
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	6
Capt. Ash, Odessa	5
Capt. Slater, Trenton	5
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	5
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope	5
Lieut. Hoole, Port Hope	5
Bru. Shaver, Montreal	5
Mr. Upper, Montreal	5
Eusign Yirex, Brockville	5
Lieut. Tilley, Brockville	5
Capt. Crego, Kemptonville	5
Capt. Shaeey, Gananoque	5
Mrs. Leaworthy, Tweed	5
Adjt. Kendall, Kingston	4
Capt. Munford, Bloomfield	4
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	4
Lieut. Heikman, Pembroke	4
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	4
U. P. Moore, Campbellford	4
Lieut. Liddle, Campbellford	4
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal	4
Capt. Woods, Pontefract	4
Capt. Dawson, Montreal	4
Sergt. Newell, Barre	4
Lieut. Lang, Napanee	4
Capt. Stuthard, Napanee	4
Capt. Cook, Montreal	4
Mrs. Bunn, Burlington	4
Capt. Green, Port Hope	4
Capt. Green, Port Hope	4
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	4
Capt. Norman, Quebec	4
Capt. Bloss, Quebec	4
Eusign LoDrew, Kingston	4
Lieut. Carter, Morrisburg	4
Capt. Gammonage, Quebec	4
Capt. Vane, Gananoque	4
Steve Stoen, Carleton Place	4
Lieut. Brundage, Kemptville	4
Mrs. Jewell, Pleton	4
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	4
Sergt. Logie, Montreal	4
Lieut. Harvey, Valley City	4
Capt. Gauble, Medowie	4
Eusign Dean, Grand Falls	4
Capt. Hurst, Souris	4
Capt. Dearden, Winnipeg	4
Capt. Penre, Brandon	4
E. C. Custer, Regla	4
Capt. Stouke, Moose Jaw	4
Capt. Barriger, Fort William	4
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Falls	4
Capt. Elliott, Dauphin	4
Capt. McRae, Portage la Prairie	4
Capt. Livingstone, Prince Albert	4
Capt. Russell, Moorhead	4
Capt. Bristow, Brandon	4
Capt. Myers, Devil's Lake	4
Mrs. Jackson, Colman	4
St. John, O'Neill, Winnipeg	4
Frank Hayes, Port Arthur	4
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	4
Capt. Prince, Winnipeg	4
Mrs. Parker, Minot	4
Lieut. Muller, Minot	4
Lieut. Hardy, Virden	4
Lieut. Quist, Portage la Prairie	4
Capt. Felt, Grifton	4
Capt. Keenly, Emerson	4
Lieut. Hagen, Lison	4
Lieut. Nuttall, Devil's Lake	4
Capt. Anderson, Bismarck	4
Capt. Taylor, Grand Forks	4
Mrs. Scott, Taylor, Neepawa	4
Lieut. Cook, Guntown	4
Trens. Mrs. St. John, Minot	4
Adjt. Bradley, Portage la Prairie	4
Sergt. Lang, Brandon	4
Capt. Glover, Laramore	4
Lieut. Scott, Laramore	4
Capt. Smith, Bismarck	4
Bro. Danion, Calmar	4
Capt. Christian, Calgary	4
Adjt. McNamee, W	4
Capt. Ziebeck, Bute	4
Sergt. Glen, Bute	4
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Billings	4
Capt. Scott, Victoria	4

FAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

97 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, Halifax	29
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax	29
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	18
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	18
P. S. M. Jenne McQueen, Moncton	25
Sergt. Major Vehol, Halifax	12
Lieut. Peter Tiller, St. John	12
Capt. McEwan, St. John	11
Lieut. Melkie, Campbellton	10
Sergt. Mrs. Pike, North Head	10
Capt. Leadley, Gagetown	10
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	10
Capt. Laws, Sydney	10
Mrs. Sargent, Saulters, Hamilton	10
Capt. Fraser, St. John	9
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, North Sydney	9
Capt. White, St. John	9
Lieut. R. Payne, Westville	8
Sergt. Rockwood, St. George's	8
Capt. Payne, Truro	8
Lieut. Lebars, Truro	8
Mrs. Capt. Forsey, Sackville	8
Capt. Payne, Truro	7
Mrs. Capt. Forsey, Sackville	7
Harry, Grand Falls	7
Capt. Galt, Yarmouth, Somerset	7
Sergt. Kelly, St. Georges	7
Capt. L. Green, Bridgewater	7
Capt. Forsey, Sackville	7
Sister Pittman, Summerside	6
Capt. Bradbury, Springfield	6
Capt. Doyle, Digby	6
Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen	6
Capt. Brelant, St. George's	6
Lieut. Young, St. John	6
Capt. McLeman, Sydney	6
Father Armstrong, St. John	6
Lily Santon, Hamilton	6
Capt. Ryan, Truro	6

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

76 Hustlers.

Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	117
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Pleton	112

NORTH-WEST PRO.

48 Hustlers.

Bro. Ruston, Lisgar St.	87
Adj. Desbrisay, Barre	87
Capt. Sherwin, Orillia	87
Lieut. Gravett, Orillia	87
Capt. Trickey, Orngeville	87
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	87
Capt. Howeroff, Fenelon Falls	87
Sister Matheson, Lippincott St.	87
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott St.	87
Mrs. Brown, Hamilton	87
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott St.	87
Capt. McGregor, Orangeville	87
Lieut. Marshall, Uxbridge	87
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	87
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	87
S. M. Bowerman, Newmarket	87
Emily Howell, Riverside	87
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	87
S. M. Bowers, Lisgar St.	87
Sergt. Slater, Fenelon Falls	87
Capt. McDonald, Temple	87
Capt. Coombs, Riverside	87
Mrs. Capt. Liston, Oshawa	87
Mrs. Ensign Bale, Bracebridge	87
P. S. M. Jenne McQueen, Moncton	87
Sergt. Major Vehol, Halifax	87
Lieut. Peter Tiller, St. John	87
Capt. McEwan, St. John	87
Lieut. Melkie, Campbellton	87
Sergt. Mrs. Pike, North Head	87
Capt. Leadley, Gagetown	87
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	87
Capt. Laws, Sydney	87
Mrs. Capt. Sargent, Saulters, Hamilton	87
Capt. Fraser, St. John	87
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, North Sydney	87
Capt. White, St. John	87
Lieut. R. Payne, Westville	87
Sergt. Rockwood, St. George's	87
Capt. Payne, Truro	87
Mrs. Capt. Forsey, Sackville	87
Capt. Payne, Truro	87
Mrs. Capt. Forsey, Sackville	87
Harry, Grand Falls	87
Capt. Galt, Yarmouth, Somerset	87
Sergt. Kelly, St. Georges	87
Capt. L. Green, Bridgewater	87
Capt. Forsey, Sackville	87
Sister Pittman, Summerside	87
Capt. Bradbury, Springfield	87
Capt. Doyle, Digby	87
Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen	87
Capt. Brelant, St. George's	87
Lieut. Young, St. John	87
Capt. McLeman, Sydney	87
Father Armstrong, St. John	87
Lily Santon, Hamilton	87

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

42 Hustlers.

A Saturday Night Incident.

BY A SOLDIER.

It was in a little Western town on a Saturday night that I walked home from meeting with a heart full of bright hopes for Sunday's meetings. God had come very near in our meeting, and although no one would yield, yet our faith ran high for souls on Sunday.

After I had gone in a shop I looked out and saw poor old backsider standing in front of the window with bairns stamped on his countenance. I proceeded to have a talk with him, when up stepped a gentleman, a perfect stranger, who mistook me for one of our officers. He talked for a while on different matters, then came round to speaking about the Army. For a while he spoke as a friend, and asked me what I thought of the Army. The question was not in my answer, "I am a soldier, you know, the life of sin through the Army." "Yes," he said, rather smugly, "how long have you belonged to the Army?" "Five or six months, I suppose," meaning that I would soon be back and change my ideas about it.

He was a surprised man when I told him that I had been a soldier for that many years and more. He then enquired how long the Army had been in our town, and if I knew of any soldiers who started when the Army did, and were soldiers today. Thank God for a few faithful ones who are still standing. I was able by them to uphold our cause. He said he did not know of any in his town, and brought in the backsiders as his cause for having no use for religion, neither in the Army or any of the churches.

Ah! how many souls are going daily downward to destruction on account of those who have turned their back upon Jesus. Oh, reader, were you ever saved? Did you ever take your stand for Christ? Did you ever love His service? Where are you to day? Can you realize the number of precious souls that are hindered by your backsider? There are souls in hell to-day on account of the unfaithfulness of some professing Christians.

Backsliders, Awake from Your Dreaming!
Come back to God, start once more for heaven. He is willing Who is able to save.

The stranger went on to say that five or six souls after several years' service, were very small returns. I told him that in God's estimation, one soul was worth more than ten thousand worlds, whereupon he had no more to say, but hurriedly quit the conversation and excused himself.

He saw that five or six souls were of very great value, far more than he had ever thought of. It is hardly necessary to say that the backsider also excused himself very quickly, for he could see the run he was working along with others.

Oh, my comrades, let us do all we can for the redemption of the backsiders, for in bringing them to the fold we are removing one of the greatest hindrances there are to God's work.

I do thank God for salvation, for the dear old Army, and for the many privileges it affords its soldiers for working for God. Many times I have been blessed by the wearing of uniform. In this way I am often led into conversation with people about their souls and the way of salvation. Comrades, wear your uniform, be bold for Christ. In His noble cause, Seek the backsiders, for they are many. The devil will always flee when attacked by the sword of the Spirit.

A Fearful Threat.

A minister and his wife, who were not in favor of the S. A., were one day scolding their little son on account for some wrong-doing on his part. The little fellow, wishing to have it ended, said, "If you don't leave off I'll—", and then remembering that that would torment his parents most, said, "I'll go and join the Salvation Army!"

Co the Ladies

WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE OUR NEW STOCK OF

BONNET RIBBON

EXTRA WIDE, AT 50 CENTS PER YARD,

AND LIKEWISE A SUPPLY OF

BLUE CASHMERE

AT 50 CENTS PER YARD.

We regret to have delayed several orders for these goods, but we were disappointed in their arrival from the factory. Orders will now receive our prompt attention.

The Trade Secretary,
TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Capt. Watrous, Livingston 20
Capt. Nestell, Missouri 20
Capt. Hooker, Anaconda 20
Capt. Galt, Revelstoke 20
Mother Hooker, Anaconda 25
Capt. Miller, New Whatcom 25
Capt. LeDrew, Spokane 25
Mrs. Ensign Cummings, Helena 24
Lient. Morris, New Whatcom 20
Lient. Boyer, Kilkis 25
Capt. Meredith, Bozeman 25
Sister Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls 24
Capt. Fenn, Port Essington 20
Adj. Stevens, Rossland 20
Bro. Preston, Spokane 20
Capt. Perrenoud, Kamloops 24
Capt. Allen, Rossland 24
Maggie Thomas, Spokane 24
Sergeant Bodhuyd, New Westminster 24
Capt. Elliott, Dunlap 24
Lient. McElroy, Port William 24
Capt. Livingston, Prince Albert 24
Lient. Russell, Mooshead 24
Adj. Lawford, Brandon 24
Lient. Brewster, Morden 24
Capt. Myers, Devil's Lake 24
Mrs. Capt. Gillian, Carberry 24
Mrs. Jackson, Calgary 24
Sergt. Mrs. O'Neill, Winnipeg 24
Ensign Hayes, Port Arthur 24
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur 24
Adj. Prince, Winnipeg 24
Mrs. Parker, Mtns 24
Lient. Muller, Mtns 24
Lient. Hardy, Virden 24
Lient. Quist, Portage la Prairie 24
Sergt. Mrs. Taylor, Selkirk 24
Capt. Fell, Galt 24
Capt. Keenly, Emerson 24
Lient. Hansen, Lethbridge 24
Lient. Nutall, Devil's Lake 24
Capt. Anderson, Grand Forks 24
Sergt. Capt. Taylor, Neepawa 24
Lient. Cook, Grifton 24
Tropic. Mrs. St. John, Morden 24
Adj. Bradley, Portage la Prairie 24
Sergt. Lang, Brandon 24
Capt. Glover, Lethbridge 24
Lient. Scott, Lethbridge 24
Capt. Smith, Blumenre 24
Bro. Dunlop, Calgary 24
Capt. Charlton, Calgary 24
Mrs. Adj. McNaughton, Winnipeg 24

Capt. Watrous, Livingston 20
Capt. Nestell, Missouri 20
Capt. Hooker, Anaconda 20
Capt. Galt, Revelstoke 20
Mother Hooker, Anaconda 25
Capt. Miller, New Whatcom 25
Capt. LeDrew, Spokane 25
Mrs. Ensign Cummings, Helena 24
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Capt. Meredith, Bozeman 25
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Lient. Hardy, Virden 24
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Adj. Bradley, Portage la Prairie 24
Sergt. Lang, Brandon 24
Capt. Glover, Lethbridge 24
Lient. Scott, Lethbridge 24
Capt. Smith, Blumenre 24
Bro. Dunlop, Calgary 24
Capt. Charlton, Calgary 24
Mrs. Adj. McNaughton, Winnipeg 24

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE

21 Hustlers.

Sergt.-Major Ebsary, St. John's 20
Sergt. Jessie Lightone, St. John's 20
Sergt. Andrews, St. John's 20
Adj. Skinner, Harbour Grace 20
Capt. B. Muford, St. John's 20
Capt. M. James, St. John's 20
Amelia Newbury, St. John's 20
Capt. Durl, St. John's 20
Sister Durl, St. John's 20
Sister Gibbons, St. John's 20
S. M. Newman, Twillingate 20
Sergt. Wheeler, Twillingate 20
Eliza Payne, St. John's 20
Mrs. Peddell, Harbour Grace 20
Lient. Cummings, Harbour Grace 20
S. M. Blackmore, St. John's 20
Simon Ward, St. John's 20



To Parents, Relatives and Friends:

We wish to let you know that in any part of the globe, behind and, as far as possible, among women and children, or any one in the service of the devil, there are many who are lost souls, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. My cause should be sent. If possible, to either the Adj. or Capt. of the nearest S. A. office. Friends and relatives are encouraged to do the same.

Address: Goldring and Friends are encouraged to do the same.

Information concerning the same is to be sent to the Adj. or Capt. of the nearest S. A. office.

First insertion.

RILLETT, FAMILY. Relatives in London, Eng., are enquired for. Henry, Amy, Sarah, Alice, and Helen, Ellen supposed to be in Canada. Friends enquire.

(Second insertion.)

LARK, WALTER. Age 21, height 5 ft. 6 in., fair complexion. Last heard of in Ottawa. Something to his advantage is heard of. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

PALMER, JULIUS. Left Montana three years ago for Alaska. Age 28, dark hair. Father very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

KUHNU, OTTO. Age 21. Last heard of in September, 1899, at McGill's Camp, Greenwood, B. C. Mother very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Only a fool forgets his folly.



Selected by Adjutant Mark Ayre, Billings, Mont.

Adj't. Ayre is one of our veteran officers, well known in Ontario and the far West.

He has been an officer for over ten years, and come out of Bowmanville. His appointments as Captain were Sutton, Port Hope, Orillia, Parry Sound, Barrebridge, and St. Catharines. Upon taking charge of the newly-formed District, with Headquarters at St. Catharines, in April, '93, he was promoted Ensign. He returned as D. O. again to St. Catharines, fol-

Holiness Song.

Tune.—Shalt we gather at the river? (B.J. 21).

1 Yes, there flows a wondrous river
That can make the foulest clean;
To the soul it is the giver
Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus.

Round us flows the cleansing river,
The holy, mighty, wonder-working river,
That can make a saint of a sinner,
It flows from the throne of God.

All who seek this cleansing river
Have their deepest needs supplied;
From all stains its waves deliver,
To the soul when they're applied.

Have you proved this precious river,
Perfect cleansing, enlarging there,
Losing burdens that need never
Rise again to bring you care?

On the margin of the river,
In your stains why still delay?
Why not now be free for ever,
And the voice of God obey?

Love's Rolling Sea.

Tune.—My Maryland.

2 The sea of God's eternal love
Is rolling in, is rolling in;
The current's deep, and strong, and
wild.

Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in,
Upon its waves new hope it brings
Of constant victory over sin;
This blessed work it now begins,
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.

Chorus.

It's rolling in, it's rolling in,
The sea of love is rolling in;
Lord, I believe! Lord, I receive—
The Spirit's love is rolling in.

It takes away the pride of life,
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.
It puts an end to inward strife,
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.
It makes me to each other true,
Beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue;
Come, it will do the same for you,
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.

With love for souls my life possesses,
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.
With holy zeal, oh, fill my breast!
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.
And through me let Thy treasures pour,
What weary hearts that now are sore
May feel Thy touch of love once more.
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.

THE WAR CRY.

When my feet shall reach the open door,
Jesus is my light and song!
When life's pilgrimage at last is o'er,
Jesus is my light and song!
Tide my song in countless years shall be,
Love for Him Who sets the prisoner free,
Love for Him Who purchased life for me,
Jesus is my light and song!

To the Judgment You Must Go!

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

Tunes.—To the innermost He saves; or, There is sweet rest in heaven (B.J. 17).

5 Will you just give attention
And listen now to me?
This all-important question
Demands much thought of thee.
Oh, sinner, heed the warning
That God has often given,
To you soon death is coming,
"Twill then be hell or heaven?

Chorus.

The judgment you must go!
The judgment you must go!
For that day prepare, it will soon be

there!
The judgment you must go!

To die without a Savior,
Oh, what a solemn day!
To die without His favor,
"Twll be too late to pray.
To die, sins not forgiven—
The record of the past!
Will you from Gail be driven
And from His presence cast?

To worlds beyond you're passing,
Earthly joys will not last long,
Your death-bell will be tolling,
And you to judgment gone,
What there will be the sentence?
"Depart!" or His "Well done?"
Oh, may it be the welcome
"Into My Kingdom come!"

Oh, Turn Ye.

Tune.—Oh, turn ye (B.B. 19, B.J. 86, S.M. 1, 100).

3 Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for
why will ye die?
When God, in great mercy, is
drawing so nigh?
New Jesus inviteth you, the Spirit says
"Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome
you home.

How vain the delusion that while you
Held, your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come
just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

In riches, in pleasure, what can you
obtain,
To sooth your affliction, or banish
your pain?
To bear up your spirit when sum-
moned to die,
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of
the sky?

Why will you be starving and feeding
on air?
There's morey in Jesus, enough and
to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial
and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless
and free.

Experience or Testimony.

Tune.—Jesus is my light and song.

4 Why should life a weary journey
see?
Jesus is my light and song!
Why should I my cross a burden
bear?

Jesus is my light and song!
All the way is marked by love Divine,
Round my path the rays of glory
shine.
Christ Himself Companion is of mine,
Jesus is my light and song!

Chorus.

Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light,
Jesus is my light and song!
Jesus is my light, I'll serve Him day
and night.

Jesus is my light and song!
What though foes at every hand
meet?
Jesus is my light and song!

Jesus is my light and song!
What though waves are ready at my
feet?
Jesus is my light and song!

Jesus is my light and song!
Christ Himself was first to lend the
way.

He was first to battle in the fray,

Now on Him my every hope I stay,

Jesus is my light and song!

When theologians come along
To split their hairs on me,
And bind me their blue spectacles
That I may clearer see,
I do not like to give offence,
And send 'em all to pot,
And so I whisper to myself,
"Alas! what tommymrot!"
When some who're great on lifeless
form
Would catch me in their net,
And bid me to "the letter" stick,
I bid them not to fret;
And when before my simple view
They all their doctrines trot,
I smell a rat, so sadly say,
"Shut up your tommymrot!"

When some old peers try to pick
Our dear old Gen'l', too,
Who are not fit to black his boots,
Much less to wear his shoe,
I feel it is a waste of time
To give it to 'em hot;
For maybe 'tis our cross to bear
A bit of tommymrot!

The Army's saved a lot of soume—
For more than tongue can tell—
Who, but for drums and uniform,
Might now have been in hell.
The Pharisees Christ could not save—
They bothered Him a lot;
That's why He said on different
words,
"Beware of tommymrot!"

Adj't. Phillips.

Coming Events.

COLONEL JACOBS,

accompanied by

Staff-Capt. Stanyan and the

Staff Band,

will visit

RIVERSIDE, Sunday, September 2.

LIEUT-COL. MARGETT'S and MAJOR TURNER

will visit

HAMILTON, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 25th
and 26th.

LIEUT-COL. MARGETT'S

Territorial Secretary,

Accompanied by the PROVINCIAL
OFFICER, will visit

FREDERICTON, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 8, 9.

St. John I., Mon., Tues., and Wed.,

Sept. 10, 11, 12.

St. John II., Thursday, Sept. 13.

St. John V., Saturday, Sept. 15.

St. John III., Sunday, Sept. 16.

LIEUT-COL. MRS. READ

Accompanied by LIEUT. REILLY, will

visit

MONTREAL, Sun. and Mon., Aug. 26, 27.

BRIGADIER GASKIN

will visit

RIVERSIDE, Thursday Aug. 30, and

Monday, Sept. 3. Opening of New
Barracks. Monday, Sept. 3, Haf-
lebuhah Wedding.

BRIGADIER GASKIN AND MAJOR TURNER

will conduct Special Meetings at

THE TEMPLE, Sunday, September 2.

MAJOR PICKERING

accompanied by the

Saints Hand Bell Ringers

will visit

CHARLOTTETOWN, Sat., Sun., and Mon.,

Aug. 25, 26, 27.

SUMMERSIDE, Tues. and Wed., Aug.

28, 29.

SPRINGFIELD, Thursday, Aug. 30.

PARRSBOURG, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Aug.

31, Sept. 1, 2.

CANMING, Monday, Sept. 3.

KENTVILLE, Tuesday, Sept. 4.

WINDSOR, Wed. and Thur., Sept. 5, 6.

AMMAPOLIS, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 5, 6.

ST. JOHN V., Saturday, Sept. 15.

ST. JOHN III., Sunday, Sept. 16.

WAIL O'ANGUS, Where lost son

sits;

KNOWING now care,

Hopeless, in a

Heard ye not the

From the depths

High above B

sound,

And the ear of